THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XII. NO. 22. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1893.—TWELFTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TOM MOORE HONORED

A Good Sized and Representative Meeting at Central Music Hall

Celebrates the One Hundred and Fourteenth Anniversary of the Poet's Birth.

Magnificently Patriotic Address By Archbishop Feehan—Mr. Finerty's Remarks.

A Festival of Music and Song.

The 114th anniversary of the birth of Thomas Moore was appropriately celebrated at Central Music Hall last Saturday evening. Notwithstanding the innumerable World's Fair, theatrical and other attractions, there was a fairly large and highly appreciative audience, although it may be said, in passing, that the Irish-Americans of Chicago could, without hurting themselves in any way, have done much better than they did, considering the object of the meeting, which was the formation of the nucleus of a fund for the erection of a memorial statue to the great poet in one of the public parks—an object which had, and has, the indorsement of the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan, as well as the leading papers of this city. Mr. Curtis, the treasurer of the Fund, will make a report of the financial result of the gathering in a week or so, and we are now at liberty to state that the outcome will not add to the liberal reputation of our element in Chicago. Had the gathering been called to honor the memory of an American, German, Scotch or English poet, the elements interested would have packed the house to overflowing, and had a duke or an earl, a duchess or a countess, a "lord" or a "lady" been on the programme, the house would have been equally well filled by the toad-eaters and flunkeys of our own race. The rank and file of our Irish-American people are all right. Many of the wealthy among them, too, have a true spirit of honest patriotism, but there is another element which prides itself on being "Cawtholic, not Irish," and which is no good to either God or country, to America or to Ireland. No cause, however noble, can stir them to enthusiasm. Their miserable little souls are starved within them by a blockade of utter selfishness and mean ambition, and we strongly believe that some of them, like the necromancers of old, would sell themselves to the devil for seven years, or longer, in order to obtain access to the presence of some person of title, or to get rid of their Hibernian patronymics. It is they, and the like of them, that bring odium upon our race in America and in Ireland. It is to such O'Connell's gallant nephew, Maurice Richard Leyne, alluded, when he wrote:

Could I curse what God hath fashioned
I would curse, upon my knees,
Not the dear, old glorious island—
Not her mountains, streams or seas,
But the class of human vermin
Living slaves 'mid scenes like these!—

Curse ye, for your craven natures,
For your lies and knavish schemes,
For your supple genuflexions
When a peacock feather gleams
In the fool's cap of some lordling
Who your tyrant's favorite seems!

The rebuke of Leyne, to the flunkeys of Dublin, might be appropriately applied, with necessary modifications, to those of Chicago.

However, those who did attend to honor the poet, whose genius gave Ireland her truly great place in the realm of poetry, made up by their zeal for the absence of others who should have been moved by a spirit equally proud. Many of the clergy sent regrets for their absence, which was unavoidable, owing to the fact that Saturday night was the last opportunity of their flocks for attending to their Easter duties.

His Grace, Archbishop Feehan, arrived at 8 o'clock, accompanied by the Rev. P. J. Muldoon, Chancellor of the Archdiocese, the Rev. Father O'Connell, the Rev. Father Croke, the Rev. Father Sullivan, the Rev. Father Scanlan and several other clergymen. On the platform were also most of the members of the committee of arrangements. Prof. Middelschulte played on the organ a fantasie of Moore's melodies, which was well received.

Among those on the stage or in the audience were, besides those already named, Attorney-General Maloney, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Sullivan, Mrs. Ernest Hart, James J. Egan, Mr. N. D. Laughlin, Colonel Terry, U. S. A., Mr. Thomas Baker, Dublin, Ireland; Miss Josephine Sullivan, Miss Mayne, Capt. John Tredholm, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Corkery, Mr. and Mrs. M. Mulcahy, Mr. and Mrs. B. Curtis and Miss Curtis, Mrs. E. L. Geary, Mr. W. C. McClure, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Toppan, Dr. George F. and Mrs. Shears, Mrs. Finerty, Mrs. E. Hennessy, Mrs. Ruarc, Miss Hennessy, Mr. D. J. Gallery and the Misses Gallery, Mr. and Mrs. John McKeough, Mr. and Mrs. James McEnerney, Mr. Thomas J. Hunt, Mr. Patrick Kean, Mr. J. J. Mahony, Mr. M. J. Kelly, Capt. L. R. Buckley, Mr. M. J. Keane, the Misses Keane, Dr. and Mrs. Thomas F. O'Malley, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Cooke, Mr. William Dillon, Denver, Colo.; Capt. P. H. Coney, Topeka, Kan.; Mr. W. D. Marshall, Mr. Frank D. Kinsella, Capt. Patrick O'Connor and

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family; Mr. and Mrs. Patrick J. O'Donnell, George B. Hennessy, Mr. and Mrs. M. M. O'Connor, Mr. S. H. Kerfoot, Arthur Dixon, Jr., Mr. James T. Clark, Mr. P. Doherty, Mr. P. F. Conway, Mr. Hugh K. Jordan, Mr. John Dowling, Mr. Thomas F. Burke, Mr. P. Tyrrell, Mr. and Mrs. William Slattery, Mr. and Mrs. M. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. D. Hogan, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. McDonough, Mr. M. O'Gallagher, Mr. Thomas Mulville, and many others.

Mr. P. McHugh arose, and, in a few epigrammatic sentences, introduced the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan as chairman. His Grace, on rising, was received with enthusiastic cheering, which was several times renewed. When silence was finally obtained he spoke as follows:

THE ARCHBISHOP'S ADDRESS.

Ladies and Gentlemen: We are assembled tonight on an occasion that is most inseresting. A year ago we were here to commemorate almost the centenary of Moore, the great Irish poet, and having had on that occasion the pleasure of saying a few words to those who were present, I think I expressed a thought that such meetings might take place, at least occasionally, with pleasure, and likely with profit in many ways to all of us. It was a very sincere pleasure to me when I learned the idea was taken up of continuing the meeting of last year by having a meeting this year to continue also the memory of the Irish poet. We meet together tonight with a view and a desire of originating the work of erecting a statue in some public place of our city to the memory of Moore. In doing this we are entirely in accord with the feeling and the sentiment of men in every age, so far as time gives us any record. All men and races have desired to commemorate in some substantial way, so far as they could, the memories of their great men—great in whatever way it may have been, great soldiers, great orators, great poets and the like. Even in the ruins of some of the ancient cities of history explorers in our day find monuments erected ages ago to the memory of some great man. We have already, as you may notice, in some of the parks of our city monuments of this kind suggested by the sentiment of the people, to whom the man whom they represented belonged. We have the monument of the great German poet, Schiller, and of the great French explorer, LaSalle, the great Scandinavian Linnæus, and others, and why not somewhere, as we pass by, cannot we look upon some monument of some great man of our race? There have been in the history of Ireland many men, who were great in the various degrees and ways of greatness. As yet, among us in this new world, we have made no effort to commemorate and perpetuate their memories. If we go back, even to the later centuries, how many and many a name distinguished can we find to whom we would be glad to build a monument. But some one may say to me: Why build monuments to men whose lives as a rule were failures? The greatest Irishmen for many generations did not succeed in their efforts for their cause notwithstanding they had great genius, great talents, great courage and great devotion to their country. Their lives went out in defeat, and some say, "Why build a monument to a defeated hero?" Neither you nor I will I am sure admit the truth of this: Men have built monuments to great men even though they did suffer defeat. We glance back through the ages and were not those Greeks, who died at Thermopylae in defense of their native land, nobler than the hosts of the Persians who destroyed them? What name more illustrious than that of the great Roman general, taken captive, defeated in battle, and brought in chains to Carthage, and when he was ordered from thence to go back to his native place, to Rome, to make a treaty of peace with his enemies? He went to discharge this mission, and when he stood among his fellow countrymen in the Roman senate, he said, "You must not make the treaty;" and he went back to chains and to die in torture, because he had promised he would not, and did not, break his word, and the world from that time to this has honored the memory of Regulus. (Applause.) We read with great pleasure how that same senate in Rome's splendid day voted a triumph to a defeated general because he had not despaired of his country, and so would we, as far as we could—so at least we ought—to build monuments even to men who were defeated because they did not despair of their country. (Great applause.), They were men who believed and acted in their lives upon the great truth, a truth that can never perish that—

Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.

(Applause.) When we reason thus and desire to erect monuments to the great of our history and our race, and when we show our patriotism, our love of country in this manner, let no one say, as none can say with truth, that because we are devoted in this manner to the land that gave us birth, or to the land of the forefathers of many who are here, that we are therefore less loyal to the country of our adoption, for this would not be true; for the man who is most devoted to the country of his birth, or of his forefathers, is the man who would be most devoted to the country of his adoption. (Applause.) If we can imagine for a moment some man, who has in his heart no love for his native land, a man who does not love in his very soul the place where he was born, the home of his forefathers, of his kindred, of his race, he is a selfish as he is a heartless and soulless man. He is a man

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whom men would not respect nor honor, but dislike; he is such an one as the Scottish bard desbribes as one who "goes down to the vile dust from which he sprung, unwept, unhonored and unsung." (Applause.) We desire then to honor the memory of a great man; a man who was great by reason of his gifts and of his genius; for no one can question the genius of Moore, the Irish poet; and the greatest and most capable have placed him as a living force among the great, not only of our time and all time, but among the greatest lyric poets of all nations. (Applause.)

When I said a few words a year ago, I think I expressed the wish that Moore's melodies would be cultivated; that they would become popular; that the young who learn music would be taught to sing those beautiful Irish airs, to which Moore's melodies have been adapted. It is not, I think, generally so; and if we try to find a reason why we love the music of France, of Germany, of Italy, and justly so—magnificent music—why not love the music of Ireland? (Applause.) We may perhaps find a reason in this: That Ireland for many generations has not been great and prosperous as other nations, and unfortunately it is in human nature to bow down before and to worship material greatness and success, and men do not realize that something which is infinitely higher than material greatness—that greatness of spirit and of soul, like the soul of Ireland, which has never lost its faith, and never yielded up its spirit and its desire for independence. (Vehement applause.)

And there may be perhaps another reason. There may be some who are influenced by the English tradition regarding Ireland. This tradition is a false one. It would decry and make little of everything that is Ireland's, and some perhaps may be weak enough to yield to this base tradition. We know very well that when England, being stronger than Ireland was, destroyed her temples and her monuments, she also robbed her of her jewels, and then placed upon her shoulders a robe of mockery, and attempted to point her out to the derision of the nations, and said: "See how poor she is now, and how ignorant her people are," when she had made them so. (Applause.) This tradition which has been a false one for

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300 years, we in our day should not yield to it, and the time ought to come when all should know better and should resist it honorably in every way they can. (Applause.) We all believe, as we hope, that the long, cruel night of darkness and oppression has passed away from Ireland. We hope that we will behold the dawn of a day that will be a bright one, and in the fullness of that day, when it comes, may we not wish, as I trust the Irish people will strive, to inscribe the tombs and to build the monuments of their great men, and that in that day Moore's melodies will be sung with pride all over the earth in the homes of our music loving people. (Great applause.)

Mr. M. J. Murphy then came forward and sang, in a most inspiring manner, and in perfect voice, "O, Where's the Slave so Lowly." It acted like a trumpet blast upon the audience, because Moore's songs, to be well sung, must be sung by people who feel the sentiment they convey—something that happens too seldom. He responded by giving Lover's "Low Backed Car," a ditty that always finds favor with the public.

Mrs. Maude Wells followed with "Erin the Tear and the Smile," which she rendered so well that she received a hearty encore. Then she gave an Italian selection which, although very well in its way, sounded flat when compared with the glorious melody of Moore, which had preceded it.

Mrs. Clara Murray, who was at her best, played upon the harp "The Last Rose of Summer," in a manner that would have won her the applause of the "chiefs and ladies bright" who once assembled in the grand banquet hall of Tara of the Kings.

Mr. Edward J. Quinlan sang "Believe Me if All" in a highly artistic manner, and was much applauded.

Miss Alice Coffey, in her sweet contralto, gave "The Meeting of the Waters," in which one could hear the murmur of the limpid Avoca.

Mr. Murphy then sang "Night Closed Around the Conqueror's Way" so grandly that all present must have felt the patriot fire of Moore, when he wrote that noble tribute to the dauntless vanquished of Aughrim—who, in the midst of unmerited defeat, stood ready to meet their bloody doom—"few and faint, but fearless still."

Miss Kate Coffey rendered "The Harp of Tara" in her characteristic manner, and, like all who had preceded her, was warmly encored.

MR. FINERTY'S ADDRESS.

John F. Finerty then spoke on "Moore and his Kindred Poets," substantially as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The rendition of the immortal melodies of Moore is so lengthy and so acceptable tonight, that I feel it incumbent upon me to limit my remarks to the shortest possible space. The subject assigned to me, which I had hoped would have been disposed of by another, covers so vast a space in the history of our people that it would be impossible to do it even scant justice on an occasion of this kind. But it is to the credit of the Irish race that back in their remotest history the bard was considered the equal with the noble, and in the castle of the Irish King had the seat of honor as the chief guest. (Applause.) He was the interpreter of the feelings of the nation, the conservator of its genius, the encourager of its renown. Whenever the flag had fallen, whenever the foreign foe, whether the Dane, the Norman or the Saxon, trampled down for a time the Irish hosts and swept their banners in the dust, then the bards of Ireland struck the note of that immortal instrument, which you have heard played by the hands of beauty tonight (applause) and the Irish chiefs—the Irish chiefs and the Irish clans rose "in rude but fierce array" and snatched up from the dust their fallen flag, and on many a noble field and over many a blood breach placed it in triumph above the English red. (Applause.) In the days when we spoke no English, and we were a happy people, in those days, when national music, attuned to the native harp, was uttered in the words and the accents of the Gaelic bard—in those days the bard exercised his highest influence over the Irish mind; and when the apostle of Ireland preached to kings and chiefs and clans at Tara, and smote down the Druids with the tongue of truth; and, with the light of God, made the bards his converts; the chiefest instruments in the conversion of the Irish people to Christianity were the Gaelic minstrels who played on the national harp and kept alive the national sentiment. (Applause.) In one of his beautiful utterances, our lost and lamented friend, the Rev. Tom Burke—Father Tom Burke—said that of all nations of the world Ireland alone carried the harp as a national emblem on her banners, while other nations had as emblems dragons, lions and the cross of St. George or of St. Andrew, or the *fleur de lis*, or some other device; on the Irish green alone glittered the golden harp, with shamrock wreath shining there to stir the Irish national heart to immortal resistance, and to inspire the Irish mind with immortal hope. (Applause.) And when the storm of foreign force and outrageous persecution at last laid our banner and our country low, and when the same brutal laws that drove our priests to the mountain cave, or to the bleak ocean shore to say the sacred mass—when that same brutal force and power struck at freedom and at religion, it also struck at the bard, who kept alive both flames in the hearts of the Irish people; and through all the dark and bloody times following the elevation of Elizabeth to the throne of England, down through the long, gloomy period of the first Stuarts, to the days of James II, the same persecution followed the Irish minstrels. They were men of mark; they were the mark of the tyrant; they were hated as the priests were hated; they were hated as the schoolmaster was hated, because these three forces combined kept alive the fire of nationality in the breasts of the people, and the jealous English invaders and usurpers sought to destroy them in order that they might also destroy the immortal nationality of Ireland. (Applause.) And then when we were taught to lisp in a foreign tongue the accents of the stranger; when the songs in the native dialect were no longer heard, except in the remote districts of Ireland, where English laws could not in those days follow them, our national music, our national language and our national hope seemed to decay and decline together. The music of Ireland was not known in Europe; it was not known in our neighboring country of England. The Scotch knew it by tradition, because they are our cousins, although we have been sundered by political and other prejudices for centuries, and they inherited our Gaelic music in common with us; yet beyond the realm of Scotland the voice of Ireland's bard was neither heard nor understood; our literature also perished for the period, and when it was rebuilt, as rebuilt it was, not so much to our glory as to the enhancement of the foreigner who conquered us, it was in the tongue of the stranger it was rebuilt, and it was the tongue of Flood and of Grattan, of Plunkett, Curran and Hussey Burgh, in the eloquent war for the maintenance of the Irish parliament against England's usurpation, that made Ireland's name respected in Europe and even in England; and when the chiefest of those Irish orators was gathered to his fathers, the immortal author of the Irish Declaration of Independence, haughty England, that would refuse almost to kings and has refused some of the brightest of Americans and Englishmen a precinct in Westminster Abbey, gathered the ashes of our Grattan to her bosom and laid them beside her bravest, proudest and greatest. (Great applause.) When our parliament was destroyed—when all hope seemed vanished—when Catholic emancipation, promised in exchange for the Union, was denied by the English government, then it was that in the accents of the stranger, but with the music of the old Irish harp in its sweet cadence, the genius of Moore became known in England. In the palace of the Prince Regent, in the mansion of the Duke and in the homes of the gentry, by the power of his genius he introduced not alone the music of Ireland, but he made her wrongs known and regarded. Potent as was Daniel O'Connell in the tribune, and splendid as was his eloquence, he found his most potent ally in the man whose memory we have met tonight to honor. (Applause.) I have heard sneeringly repeated the words of Lord Byron, who was fond of complimenting Moore in prose and poetry, but who, writing on one occasion to a friend said: "Tommy dearly loves a lord," yet I notice that the people who bring this accusation against Moore, some of them of our own race, are afflicted with exactly the same disease, when a lord comes within their reach. (Applause and laughter.)

Some say he was not sufficiently a patriot. I say he was all of a patriot that any man in his circumstances could be. He rose not by the hand of power stretched out to him; he grew up a school boy in the city of Dublin; he found his way into Trinity; he braved the frown of John Fitzgibbon, the iron Chancellor of Clare; he preserved the fame of his school fellow Robert Emmet, who though he met with the fate of a "traitor" to English power in Ireland, we honor every Fourth of March, by immortally embalming it in verse, which can never die so long as gratitude lives in the hearts of Irish men and women; and with it the name of his loved one, Sarah Curran, and if all these things are pictured to us in words that cannot fade let us return thanks to the noble heart and the mighty genius of Thomas Moore. (Applause.)

Oh, breathe not his name, let it sleep
in the shade,
Where cold and unhonored his relics
are laid.
Sad, silent and dark be the tears that
we shed
As the night dew that falls on the grass
o'er his head.
But the night dew that falls, tho' in
silence it weeps
Shall brighten with verdure the grave
where he sleeps,
And the tear that we shed, tho' in
secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in
our souls." (Applause.)

These words of Moore are the proudest epitaph ever written on a patriot. But let us hope that the time is coming when not by the secret tear or not by the silent springing of the midnight grass, shall we immortalize the name of Robert Emmet. Let us hope that the time is coming when we shall be able indeed to say with a good conscience that the perpetual injunction of building no monument or of writing no epitaph to him is dissolved; and among those who aided in the march of progress, this man who was branded as a panderer to the aristocracy; this man who has been spurned as a patriot unworthy of consideration; this man who was made a target of by the uncharitable; this man who is revealed in the journal of Greville, the Whig secretary of the privy council of England—this slandered Moore is revealed in those pages, not at first intended for publication, as a patriot, immaculate and incorruptible (applause); this Thomas Moore we will have to thank as much as any other Irishman that ever lived or died, if at last the epitaph of Robert Emmet is written in brightness and in glory. (Applause.)

And ladies and gentlemen, I was expected to say something of the kindred poets of Moore. He kindled the fire around which they warmed their fervor. The genius was within Ireland, but it needed his impulse to light and direct it, and when Young Ireland through the mighty columns of the *Nation*, touched anew the Irish heart and with it brought a regeneration of the national life, there was not a man of all those young poets, and all those young writers, and all those young editors, that did not owe at least the inspiration of their work to the luminous teachings and writings of Thomas Moore. What is more than that his patriotism has survived as a monument to his native country's spirit of independence, and while some of the poets of Young Ireland grew false to their early principles, no man can show to me a single line in all the writings of Thomas Moore where he ever went back on his original principles, or ever betrayed the cause and the nationality of Ireland. (Applause.) One morning in 1843 the whole country was electrified by reading in the columns of the *Nation*, verses beginning, in rebuke of the cowardice of those who found fault with the devotion of the men concerned the great rebellion of the last century,

Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
Who bangs his head for shame?
He's all a knave, or half a slave,
Who slights his country thus;
But a true man, like you, man,
Will fill his glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,
The faithful and the few—
Some lie far off beyond the wave,
Some sleep in Ireland, too:
All—all are gone—but still lives on
The fame of those who died—
All true men, like you, men,
Remember them with pride.

(Applause.)

That song was written by James Kells Ingram, Professor of Trinity College, who still lives, fifty years after that deathless song was written—a song that mocks his degeneracy of sentiment, and that will survive to inspire millions of the Irish race yet unborn with the gallant and generous sentiments of the now aged and infirm writer's glorious and unclouded youth.

And then was struck the harp of Thomas Davis; that harp which indeed echoed through the Irish land like the tocsin of a new resurrection. Poem after poem of his was poured forth like sacred fire on the heart of the nation and kindled the flame of hope on the altar of its lib-

[CONTINUED ON THE FIFTH PAGE.]

THE BRITISH LIBRARY

THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued).

As the Colonel surmized, Lieutenant O'Tracy and his men had not traveled far ere the presence of the enemy became manifest. A turn in the narrow road brought them almost full tilt against a party of about half a dozen mounted men, who, shunning the odds, turned and retreated, after hastily discharging their musketoons without any effect. O'Tracy and his party continued to advance, and soon at different points of the horizon before them dark columns of smoke rising from burning cabins showed the direction of the enemy's approach. At length, when near three miles from the bridge, the scouts perceived a large cloud of dust in the distance, and presently could be made out a great solid body of horsemen rapidly approaching. Endeavoring to get an idea of the number of the enemy, O'Tracy waited until the approaching Puritans had dispatched a force in pursuit of his party. Then, giving the signal for retreat, he retired with his men, and all regained Finae in safety. They found their comrade horsemen drawn up in array before the bridge like a wall to guard its passage. Their leader was in front, and the colossal proportions of himself and his black steed made the Slasher prominent and distinct from his men as the bull in a herd of cattle, to use a Homeric simile.

"Any artillery?" inquired O'Reilly, after Edmund made his report.

"None that I could discover," answered the latter.

"Thank heaven! They think to carry the bridge with bullets and cold steel. God send they reckon without their host!"

The cavalry had not long to wait for the arrival of their enemies. The cloud of dust which the reconnoitring party had discovered drew nearer and nearer, and soon O'Reilly's men perceived the flashing arms and heard the heavy tread of a large force of horsemen. First there came into view an advance guard, that halted just out of musket range of the defenders of the bridge, and leisurely surveyed the Irish array. These were followed by a force of some hundred mounted Puritans. Other strong detachments followed, until the Irish saw massed, not only in their front, but stretching away to a considerable distance on either flank, an immense force of cavalry, which looked like a vast semi-circle of steel, the helmets, corselets, and sabres of the Puritan troopers glittering in the bright sunshine.

A warlike and imposing appearance was certainly that presented by those stalwart settler-troopers of Ulster, the one which reflected much credit on their general, "the memorable Maj. Monroe;" for since the beginning of the war the forces of the Scottish settlers of Ulster—equally hostile to King Charles of England and to the Irish Catholics—though determined and united, had lacked proper discipline until they were organized into an effective force by Major-Gen. Robert Monroe. The latter, a violent bigot, of fierce and unrelenting nature, soon found himself at the head of a powerful army, composed mainly of Scots, with an admixture of despoiled English settlers. He administered the "solemn League of the Covenant" to his men on their knees in the Church of Carrickfergus, overran and wasted Ulster, and outgeneraled Castlehaven, on whose retreat he was now pressing with about 6,000 foot and 900 horse. He himself was now marching on Granard, with his main army, of which the force now about to assault the bridge of Finae was a detachment.

After performing some manœuvres, the Scots came to a halt, and both sides regarded each other for some time in silence.

"My faith," whispered O'Cuirnin to our hero, who was next to him, "I've seen some of those fellows before. Yonder are the troops of Stewart, Mervyn, and Phillips, and there, too, is Sir George Rawdon's regiment of horse, with whom we had the bout at the mill-race near Dromore some months ago: I know them by the shape of their helmets."

The Scotch trumpets blew a steady and united blare as about a hundred troopers trotted forward, halted, and took deliberate aim with their short muskets, or musketoons. A moment and their volley blazed and rattled; another, and their sabres flashed out in one grand brandish, as with a loud battle shout they came dashing at full gallop down on the Irish line.

"Ready—present!" rang the deep voice of O'Reilly, and like the movement of machinery his men brought their pieces to their shoulders. Clear and deliberate was the eye that glanced along each levelled barrel. On came the Scots in impetuous charge, spurring to death or victory with a ready courage accruing from the predestinarian tenets which told them that not a hair of them should be hurt then and there but by the special and prearranged will of Providence. On they came, veteran-like men, with smoothly shaven faces of fixed and resolute expression. They had covered more than half the distance which had at first intervened between them and the Irish, when the Slasher's voice sounded again:

"Give fire—draw swords!"

Forth burst the Irish volley, and soon as each horseman had discharged his piece he slung it by his side, drew his sword, and awaited the onset of the Scots. It came not. Eagerly gazing through the dissolving smoke of their discharge, O'Reilly's horsemen saw only a chaos of horses and men—human forms prostrate and motionless on the ground, wounded horses rolling in agony and furiously kicking in their death struggles and others galloping riderless over the adjacent fields, while the Scots, paralyzed in their charge, were seen in full retreat towards their main body.

But scarcely had the Irish time to draw breath and reload their musketoons when a fresh body of cavalry confronted them, sent a shower of bullets, which wounded many, whistling through their ranks, and bore down on them at full speed. Again the Irish volley rolled along the line, emptying many of the Scotch saddles; but the sulphureous smoke was still hanging on the air when the leading Scotch troopers burst through it, and instantly their sabres clashed against those of the Irish.

A fierce conflict ensued, which developed into a series of desperate hand-to-hand encounters between the Scots and Irish dragoons of the front line. Edmund O'Tracy found himself confronted by a grim and bony-visaged trooper—a tough customer to handle, but whom, after a protracted duel, in which many deep gashes were received on each side, he rendered *hors de combat* by a thrust through the sword arm. Just as his formidable opponent dropped his sword and fell forward on his horse's neck the clangor of meeting weapons which had resounded all around him ceased, and Edmund saw that the Scots had recoiled in disorder from the charge.

"Hurrah, *ma bouchals*, you did that well," cried the voice of the exulting Miles—"a brave bit of work for homes and altars!"

But the Puritans were determined to allow the Irish no time to recover from the fatigue of the fight. A great, overwhelming column of cavalry was launched almost immediately on the Irish line, smiting it as an avalanche. O'Reilly formed his men into a small, compact body at the head of the bridge, and the Puritans contracted their straggling flanks, enclosing the *tete du pont* in a circle of steel. Then commenced the great struggle of the day, till then unparalleled in its terrific fierceness. Steel clashed against steel, helmets and corselets resounded beneath heavy strokes dealt by vigorous arms, pistols were discharged and hurled violently in men's faces, wounded and bleeding combatants tottered and fell from their saddles, to shriek and moan on the ground, trampled beneath the flying hoofs, and disarmed men flew at each other's throats to writhe and strain in deadly grapple for the mastery.

But back the Irish were driven—back—back—back. Inch by inch they were forced to retire over the bridge, until they reached the middle, where they maintained a determined stand despite the great odds against them, cheered and encouraged by the voice of their valiant leader, who was a host in himself. Here the fight waxed hot and dreadful in its intensity, owing to the closeness of the space, and many of the belligerents, both horses and men, slipped or were hurled over the low, crumbling parapet into the water beneath. O'Reilly fought desperately in the centre of the passage, and woe to the Scot that came within the long sweep of his terrible falchion. Exhausted from loss of blood, for he was now wounded in several places, O'Tracy was about to succumb to the joint attack of two of Phillips' troopers, when Niall O'Cuirnin clove one of his adversaries from helmet to chin, and next instant he himself gave the *coup de grace* to the other.

The Scots retired once more, exhibiting the bridge a ghastly vista of slaughter, piled high in many places with the dead and dying bodies of men, strewn with helmets and weapons, while the roadway was beaten to a horrible bloody mire by trampling hoofs.

"Thank heaven! the bridge is saved as yet!" exclaimed O'Reilly; "but, good God, at what a cost!"

He looked around on his devoted followers as he spoke. Alas! more than one-half of his brave horsemen were lying dead or wounded on the bloody causeway.

But the bridge was not yet saved—far from it. A fresh and powerful body of Puritan cavalry—Sir George Rawdon's splendid regiment, with its colonel riding in front, his sword glittering over his head—dashed across the bridge with resistless force, driving the remnant of its defenders before them to the further end, where both parties recoiled for a last desperate charge—the Scots to make their victory good, the Irish to fling away their lives in frantic and hopeless combat. The fresh and vigorous Scots sent up a ringing cheer as they prepared for the last deadly melee, but its echoes had heard to the west, and suddenly the arms and accoutrements of a large division of cavalry flashed into view round the base of the distant hill.

"Our reinforcement!" exclaimed O'Reilly, hoarsely. The Slasher's giant frame was panting from fatigue, he was bareheaded and covered with blood—blood streaking his face, blood clotting his dark cavalier curls, blood reddening his great falchion from hilt to point.

The attention of his remaining men was turned on the approaching cavalry.

"Too late!" vehemently cried one man, with a bitter oath.

"No; not too late!" shouted the Slasher with sudden fire; "follow me, my boys—death or victory!"

He spurred his horse, and the noble animal bounded forward, carrying his heroic rider right into the midst of the exulting Scots. Animated by their leader's Spartan example, the poor remnant of O'Reilly's horsemen dashed after him, pell-mell, into the press of Rawdon's cavalry, and again the bridge resounded with the appalling sounds of strife—and such unequal strife!

On in front of his men rode Miles the Slasher, dealing his tremendous strokes all round him, and still urging on his fiery way. His progress was impeded by a huge sergeant of dragoons, almost the counterpart of himself, and the pair exchanged blows that resounded like the strokes of a sledge-hammer. At last the giant Scot lunged at his adversary's head, and the point of his sword clove open O'Reilly's cheek. Then, says tradition, the Slasher closed his strong jaws on the cold steel, holding it as in an iron vice, and drove his blade through the helmet, skull and brain of his adversary, both falling from the saddles together. At the same moment the bridge resounded with the cheers of the Irish reinforcement as they charged and drove the Scots across it for the last time.

The bridge of Finae was saved, but the heroic Miles the Slasher lay dead among its red heaps of slain.

* * * * * * *

The Slasher's corpse was discovered on the following day. His kinsmen conveyed it for burial to the tomb of his race in the Franciscan monastery of Cavan, where they raised a monument with the inscription:

"Lector, ne credas solum perilse Milonem,
Hoc nam sub tumulo patria victa jacet."
"Believe not, reader, that Miles alone has perished,
Here with him, in the same tomb, lies his conquered fatherland."

* * * * * * *

A week following the affair of Finae, Edmund O'Tracy, on duty in Castlehaven's camp, received notification for special service in Galway, and on the same evening he set out, with a small detachment of horse, en route for the City of the Tribes.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Colann gan Cheann.

[AIR LEANAMHAIS.]

Nuair thainig sé abhaile, d'fhiafruigh Diar muid dé, "Ar dhiol tu an coirce? no cá bhfuil na capaill agus an chairt?" "Chaill mé an t-iomlán ag imirt cárda, agus ni thiucfainn air ais acht le mo bheannacht, d'fágbháil agaibh, scal (sul) má imthighim." "Nár thigidh tu air ais go deo no pighin de d'luach," ar Diarmuid, "agus ni theastuigheann do bheannacht uainn."

D'fág sé a bheannacht ag a mháthair ann sin, agus d'imthigh air siúbhal, ag tóruigheacht seirbhise. Nuair bhi dorchadas na h-oidhche teacht bhi tart agus ocaras air. Chonnaire sé fear bocht ag teacht chuige, agus mála air a dhruim. D'aithnigh sé Dómhnal, agus dubhairt, "A Dhómhnail, creud do thug ann so thu, no cá bhfuil tu dul?" "Ni'l aithne agam ortsa," ar Domhnal.

"Is iomdha oidhche mbaith do chaith mé i dteach d'athar, go ndeunaidh Dia trócaire air," ar san fear bocht, "b'éidir go bhfuil ocaras ort, agus nach mbeidtheá i n-sghaidh ith' as mo mhála-sa."

"Is caraid do bhéarfadh dham é," ar Dómhnal. Ann sin thug an fear bocht mart-fheoil agus arán dó, agus nuair d'ith sé a sháith d'fhairfuigh an fear bocht dé, "cá bhfuil tu dul anocht?"

"Maiseadh, ni'l fhios agam," ar Dómhnal. "Tá duine uasal annsan teach mór sin shuas, agus tugann sé lóistin do dhuine air bith a thagann chuige andhiaigh dorchadais na h-oichche, agus tá misc ag dul chuige," ar san fear bocht.

"B'éidir go bhfuighinn-se lóistin leat," ar Dómhnal. "Ni'l amhras air," ar san fear bocht.

Chuaidh an bheirt go dti an teach mór, agus bhuail an fear bocht ag an dorus, agus d'fhosgail scarbh-fhóghanta é. "Teastuigheann uaim maighistir an tighe seo d'fheicsint" ar Domhnal.

D'imthigh an scarbhfhóghanta agus thainig an maighistir, "Tá mo 'g iarraidh lóistin oidhche má's é do thoil é," ar Domhnall. "Bhéarfaidh me sin daoibh má fhanann sibh," ar san duine uasal. "Téidhidh suas go dti an caisleán ann sin shuas, agus béidh mise ann bhur ndiaigh, agus má fhanainn sibh ann go maidin ghcobhaidh gach fear dibh cúigchid piosa deich-bpiginn, agus béidh neart le n-ithe agus le n-ól agaibh, freisean, agus leabaidh maith le codladh uirri."

"Is maith an tairgsin é sin," ar siad-san, "rachamaoid ann."

Chuaidh an bheirt go dti an chaisleán, chuadar asteach i seómra, agus chuireadar síos teine. Níor bhfada go dtáinig an duine-uasal, ag tabhairt mart-fheóil, caor-fheóil, arán agus neithe eile. "Tar liom anois go dtaisbéanfaidh me an soiléar daoibh, tá neart fiona agus leanna ann agus tig libh bhur sáith do tharraing." Nuair thaisbéan sé an soiléar dóibh chuaidh sé amach, agus chuir glas air an doras 'nna dhiaigh. Ann sin dubhairt Dómhnal leis an bhfear bocht, "cuir na neithe le n-ithe air an mbord, agus rachaidh misc i g-coinne an leanna." Ann sin fuair sé solas agus ordisgin agus chuaidh síos annsan tsoiléar. An chéud bhairille a tháinig sé chuici, chrom sé síos le tarraing aisti, nuair dubhairt guth, "Stop! is liomsa an bairille sin." D'fheuch Dómhnall suas agus chonnaire se fear beag gan cheann le n-a dhá chois sgartha air an mbairille.

[LE BREITH LEANTA.]

HIS WIFE SCOLDS.

Notwithstanding Her Many Beautiful Qualities She Makes Her Husband Weary by Incessant Scolding.

Eleanor Kirk Says it is Nothing But a Habit, and that Nothing Will Break it But Love.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 29, 1893.—"My wife is the best woman that ever lived. She is a tender nurse, a good cook and housekeeper, and a splendid neighbor. Now, can you believe it, that with all these beautiful qualities, she is an incessant and awful scold, and it is only when trouble or illness comes that her voice softens, and her manner grows sweet and calm. I wish you would tell me if you ever heard of such an anomaly before, and what is a man's duty who loves his home and hates to have his children berated, and everything made uncomfortable, when they ought to be so agreeable. I am sometimes so tried that I seriously believe we shall be compelled to go our different ways.

"I hope you will consider that I am paying you a distinct compliment by asking your advice, and endeavoring to enlist your interest in our behalf. I was emboldened to this step by reading what you said not long ago about your never having loved any human being better than you had loved a man, and by your kindly sympathy for those in trouble.

A MAN AND A BROTHER."

I had an aunt, bless her dear, departed spirit, who was exactly like the woman above described. She made the best mince pies, and the crispest cookies of anybody in town, but, oh, how we did have to stand round. Sometimes when I could steal up from behind and tuck my nose in her sweet wholesome neck, she would shake all over with laughter and pleasure, and I could have anything I wanted. But let me advance boldly from the front, and I might as well have tried to make friends with a trained watch-dog. When I was ill Aunt Polly was the first to send me good things, and there was no hand so tender and no voice so sweet and cooing when I needed to be consoled. At one of these times, I made bold to ask her why she wasn't always so lovely.

"Well, I don't know," she replied; "but I guess I began wrong."

Well, Aunt Polly passed on, and everybody in town mourned for her, and as for myself, my tears fell like rain to think that I had not oftener stole up from behind and kissed and hugged her, since it always pleased her so much. Perhaps, if our friend would adopt this plan with his wife, and thus take her by storm every once in a while, he would see good results. It is hard, for a manly man cannot always be ill or in trouble, for the purpose of drawing out the good nature and kindly offices of his wife. If I had such a case to deal with, I think I should not notice a word of her scolding under any circumstances, and should make a business of showing how much I loved her, even if I did have to steal up from behind to do it. This scolding is nothing under the sun but a habit, and nothing will break it but love. In her calm moments, she should be told how it hurts. She is for all the world like Aunt Polly, and it isn't best to wait till she's dead as I did to find out her real worth. I am complimented by our friend's confidence, and would be glad to see him sailing on less turbulent seas, but if he will keep his spirit right, his wife will be obliged to come to time through the law of attraction which is as blessed as it is unfailing.

I am glad to hear such good reports of the recipe for falling hair which Miss Mary Seamon, of 451 Gates avenue, has been instrumental in giving to her customers. It is a recipe, remember, and not a preparation. It costs only twenty-five cents, and will last forever. One is not compelled to keep putting one's hand in one's pocket for more money for another bottle. I should not have recommended this excellent scalp tonic, if I had not tried it myself with the most perfect results. As I have said many times before, I would not for uncounted gold ever endorse or even mention a thing that I did not know all about.

Once again I must speak of the Press club fair. It grows more and more beautiful each day. Some of my readers from distant places have called upon me at the New York Woman's Press club booth, and have been delighted with all they saw, and I have been equally delighted to make their acquaintance.

"Interested Reader" says that as she is a firm believer in Christian Science, she cannot even read my booklet, "The Woman's Way to Health and Beauty," because by so doing she would be untrue to herself, and proceeds to read me quite a lecture on "Moral Mind."

I wonder if our Christian scientist does not study her hats and gowns with a view to her complexion and general style, or if she thinks that any kind of duds is good enough for "Mortal Mind." If the last is true, then is she consistent. I know as well as she does that true beauty, the beauty of the spirit, must come from within; but does it not come from within when by the use of simple and scientific exercises, chests are expanded, and all the vital organs strengthened and purified. I insist and asseverate that many cases of so-called consumption have been entirely cured by this little ten-cent booklet, and that many women are today devoutly thankful for the directions which have enabled them to look better as well as feel better. ELEANOR KIRK.

698 Greene avenue.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

THE GAME OF BASKET BALL.

Interesting and Exciting Sport For Those Not Able to Exercise Regularly.

The announcement that at a woman's educational institution not far from this city the students played a close and exciting game of "basket ball" was perhaps the first item which attracted public attention to a sport that is rapidly becoming very popular in this country among those who have neither the physique nor the taste for baseball or football. The rules of the new sport are comparatively simple, and the ease with which the fundamental laws of the game can be acquired in a few minutes' practice have served to make it popular wherever it has been introduced, while its freedom from much of the roughness and intricacy of football has also tended to make the devotees of basket ball enthusiastic in their praise of its merits.

The name "basket ball" is derived from the fact that scores are made not by carrying the ball across the goal lines or kicking it over the goal bar as in football, but by throwing the spheroid into a moderately small basket, which is hung about 10 feet above the ground or floor. To accomplish such a feat usually requires much practice, and as a rule the try at goals are far more numerous than the scores. Either hand or both hands can be used in holding the ball, and it must either be thrown or be batted with the open hand—a punch with the fist or arm, or a kick, constituting a foul.

The game differs from football also in the fact that no player is allowed to run with the ball, but must stand where it is caught, and a fair catch can be made only with the hands. If the ball is held for an unnecessarily long time, the umpire takes possession of it and puts it "in play" by throwing it in the air, no player being allowed to touch it in such an event until it has struck the ground. If a ball goes out of bounds, it is put in play as in football, and no player is "off side," but every player has the right to touch the ball anywhere or everywhere in the game, provided the ball is in play.

No pushing, tripping, shoving or tackling is allowed, and every such offense constitutes a foul, which gives one point to the opposing nine. As a goal counts but three points and a foul one, there is every incentive to avoid rough play. The players advance the ball by tossing it to some member of their own nine, and there is the best opportunity for success in personal skill combined with good team play. The "forwards" and "centers" usually toss the ball forward, but when it gets dangerously near his own goal, the goalkeeper often bats it with the open palm.

One advantage which basket ball has over many other forms of popular sport lies in the fact that, while it allows 18 players to participate, it can be pursued the year round—in the open air during the warmer months and in the gymnasium while cold weather prevails. Again, basket ball can be played by persons whose physique is not of the most robust type, although many athletes also have found in it a healthful form of exercise. It has proved of great value in furnishing exercise for business men, women and children, as well as brawny students, and from the general success it has already attained wherever it has been introduced there is every probability that basket ball will soon become a very popular and widespread form of outdoor and indoor sport.—Boston Advertiser.

A Comfortable Ride After Working Hard.

While strolling past the war department one evening I witnessed a little scene that was amusing if not strictly newsy. A small sized army of charwomen and sweepers, who are employed to clean that large building, were starting homeward, having completed their task for the day. It was raining at the time, and several of the women, white and colored, were without umbrellas. One of the colored women was just about to cross the avenue when a magnificent team of horses drawing an elegant coupe dashed around the corner from Seventeenth street. The driver instantly recognized the colored woman as one of his friends—perhaps she was his "steady company."

He pulled up to the sidewalk and volunteered to give her a ride home. She at once accepted the invitation and jumped into the carriage and rolled away, amid the envious looks of her less fortunate associates. Her attire was not appropriate to the lining of the coupe, but that "didn't make no never mind" to her. The carriage is owned by one of the wealthiest families in Washington, and it is probable they are not aware that their coachman was "seeing Nellie home" on that particular occasion.—Washington Post.

Fate of One of Russia's Brightest Men.

Let me tell you a story. When I was in college at Cornell, there came a bright young Russian to study of the name of Dabroloboff. This young man was of quick perceptive powers and deeply interested in the progressive practical sciences and questions. He studied very hard for four years, did much more work than any single term required, and graduated with the honors of his class. He removed to New York and entered into a successful practice of civil engineering. Some time later I learned that he had gone back to his native land. I heard no more of this young man outside of a few scientific articles in some European magazines for nearly 10 years. While making a tour of Europe and Russia I bethought myself of him and wondered why his brilliant parts had not long since brought him into prominence. In Russia I made inquiries, and there learned to my astonishment and sorrow that the student had been suspected of treason, tried and sentenced to Siberia, where he had died in filth and chains.—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

An Artist's Soul.

Mr. Newritch (to the dealer in artistic plaster casts)—What is most beautiful of all your statues?

The Dealer—The Venus de Medici.

Mr. Newritch—Well, let me have a ...en Venus de Medisighs, then. I want to trim up my front yard.—Chicago News.

Eggs in the Nest of the Pelican.

I have been informed that the brown pelicans steal eggs from one another's nests in order to fill their complements, or at least take possession of those they find lying on the ground and roll them into their nests. Although this does not seem at all likely for various reasons, I cannot dispute it authoritatively, and, moreover, there were strong proofs that such was the case in many nests that I examined in Florida. These nests, which were near together, often contained four eggs, never more, one to three of which were ready to hatch, the others being fresh or nearly so.

And, again, there would be eggs in the same nest with young over a week old or young of ages quite 10 days' variation. But one point was ever observable, the young or eggs or both, never exceeded four in number, showing, even if the charge of abduction is proven, that the old birds know their limit.—Dr. Marion Gibbs in Science.

When Oysters Were Used For Fuel.

The "raising" of ore and the manufacture of iron therefrom was the leading industry of south Jersey during the early part of this century. Charcoal was the fuel used and coalings were common throughout the "Pines." An active coaling is now seldom seen. Shells were hauled by wagon or rowed and poled by scow from the seashore for a flux, the oyster then being of more value for that purpose than for food. Better oysters could be picked from those shell heaps than can be bought at the stands today.

In a memorandum kept by the "master ore raiser" for one of the largest furnaces there are many interesting notices of large quantities of clams and rum bought and sold, but the oyster is never mentioned. These account books were decorated with the pictures of soldiers and warships, showing well the prevailing thought of those days.—John Gifford in Popular Science Monthly.

Look to Your Necktie.

A well dressed man needs to give attention to three details of his dress—his hat, his necktie and his shoes. He ought to be particular about his gloves too. The necktie is the all important. A new philosopher of clothes insists that every work of art demands a point of rest—a pivotal spot from which all the rest of the composition derives its significance. That point of rest he locates in the necktie. It is poor economy, this philosopher claims, to wear anything but the best neckties, no matter how expensive these may be. If it is cheap and shabby the entire wardrobe takes on that aspect. If it is rich and carefully disposed, even if the other garments are mediocre, it gives the impression of care and richness. So look to your necktie, Horatio.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Materials For the Dinner.

The materials for dinner should be the best obtainable, the meat good and the vegetables fresh. The cooking should be carefully and properly done. Indigestible things, or those which disagree with the individual, should be eschewed. After the meal, the diner should rest or have some light occupation for an hour, or, still better, two. He should neither undertake active physical exercise—not even moderately rapid walking—nor should he study, think over business or occupy his mind seriously in any way.—Boston Courier.

Making Over Old Electric Lamps.

It is said that a German firm in Munich is making a business of renewing the filament of incandescent lamps by a process which costs 25 per cent less than the operation of making new lamps. An opening is made in the glass globe at the upper end. The old filament is removed and a new one inserted, the latter being secured to the leading in wires by means of a new cement, which becomes a conductor when a current is passed through it. The lamp is sealed and exhausted as usual.—New York Telegram.

A Malayan Proverb.

One of the peculiarities of the cocoanut palm is that it never stands upright. A Malayan saying has it that "he who has looked upon a dead monkey, he who has found the nest of the paddybird, he who has beheld a straight cocoanut or has fathomed the deceitful heart of woman will live forever."

A DISTURBANCE

isn't what you want, if your stomach and bowels are irregular. That's about all you get, though, with the ordinary pill. It may relieve you for the moment, but you're usually in a worse state afterward than before.

This is just where Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets do most good. They act in an easy and natural way, very different from the huge, old-fashioned pills. They're not only pleasanter, but there's no reaction afterward, and their help *lasts*. One little sugar-coated pellet for a gentle laxative or corrective—three for a cathartic. Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Dizziness, Sick and Bilious Headaches, are promptly relieved and cured.

They're the smallest, the easiest to take—and the *cheapest* pill you can buy, for they're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or your money is returned.

You pay only for the good you get.

EPILEPSY OR FITS

Can this disease be cured? Most physicians say No—I say, Yes; all forms and the worst cases. After 20 years study and experiment I have found the remedy.—Epilepsy is cured by it; *cured*, not subdued by opiates—the old, treacherous, quack treatment. Do not despair. Forget past impositions on your purse, past outrages on your confidence, past failures. Look forward, not backward. My remedy is of to-day. Valuable work on the subject, and large bottle of the remedy—sent free for trial. Mention Post-Office and Express address.

Prof. W. H. PEPKE, P. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.

MOUNDS OF FLOWERS.

Decoration of the Graves of Departed Heroes.

CEREMONIES IN VARIOUS CITIES

Veterans and Sons of Veterans Follow the Fife and Drum to the Cemeteries and Decorate the Graves of Soldiers with Sweet Smelling Flowers and Evergreens —Women and Children Assist in the Work of Love.

CHICAGO, May 30.—The heart of the veteran was cheered when he beheld the clear skies and felt the warmth of the sun's rays, and when he turned out bright and early to take part in the honors done to the memory of departed comrades he had reason to be thankful. And he was. Everywhere throughout the city, and, indeed, in every portion of the county, veterans and sons of veterans were to be seen following the lead of brass bands and fife and drum, making their way toward the various cemeteries, there to strew thousands of graves with sweet flowers and evergreens.

Women Out in Force.

In this city women and children, relatives of the Grand Army men, were out in force. They carried the baskets of flowers and assisted at the cemeteries. When their duties were over they hurried down into the city to witness the parade. Thirty-

PRESENTING VETERAN WITH FLAG.

three posts in all were engaged in the decoration of graves and memorial exercises at the various ceremonies of the city. In addition there were six posts unassigned, the members of which followed their own inclinations.

Corner Stone Laying.

Memorial day was made the occasion for laying the corner stone of the new public library in Dearborn park, in which the Grand Army of the Republic will have a memorial hall. The ceremony was performed according to the Grand Army ritual, and was very impressive. In the forenoon the blue and gray joined in paying tribute to fallen comrades and in the afternoon there was a parade which was conceded to be the finest Decoration Day demonstration ever seen in this city. The parade passed in review before General Miles and staff and the chief marshal and department commander of the G. A. R.

IN OTHER PLACES.

How the Day Was Observed in Washington and Other Cities.

WASHINGTON, May 30.—Memorial day was very generally observed, and wherever a G. A. R. camp is in existence the graves of the dead veterans were appropriately decorated. Here the services were, as always, especially notable. Arlington was crowded with veterans and the long rows of mounds were all covered with floral tributes. In Boston there were special services at the new Farragut statue. The New York parade of fifty-three G. A. R. posts, without the usual state guard escort, was reviewed by Governor Flower at Madison square, the old-guard acting as his escort. California's veterans unveiled the Thomas post monument at Presidio. Platforms to accommodate 10,000 were built about the statue. Brooklyn's big parade of thirty-five posts was reviewed by all the city officials. James D. Bell was the grand marshal.

Edward S. Jones post of the Grand Army of the Republic of Atlanta perfected arrangements to have a celebration at Andersonville, to which all old soldiers, once prisoners, were invited. The orator of the day was Gen. J. W. O'Neill, commander of the department of Ohio, Grand Army of the Republic. General O'Neill was for a year prisoner within the stockades, and has rendered voluable service in setting the movement on foot to have a reunion of all former prisoners. The Sons of Veterans organization of Massachusetts has asked and been granted the privilege of placing flowers upon all the graves.

At Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, May 30.—The weather here was delightful, and as usual in this city when Decoration Day is bright, there was a general and enthusiastic observance of the day. An unusual feature was the participation in the exercises of seventeen officers from the Russian flagship Dimitri Kenakel and her consort, the Rynda, and five officers from the Austrain corvette Brundsberg. After the decoration of graves the foreign guests were driven to the Lincoln monument in Fairmont park, where ex-Postmaster General Wanamaker, the orator of Meade post, delivered an eulogistic address.

At St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, May 30.—Under a cloudless sky and in bright sunshine the rays of which were tempered by a mild breeze, the numerous G. A. R. posts paraded the principal streets of the city and at the conclusion of the march, trains, boats and street cars conveyed the veterans and friends to the different cemeteries, where memorial services were held and the graves of the fallen heroes decorated with laurel, immortelles and forget-me-nots.

Northwestern Guaranty to Resume.

ST. PAUL, May 30.—The shock to the financial world two weeks ago by the collapse of the Northwestern Guaranty Loan company, of Minneapolis, was not much greater than the surprise occasioned by the announcement that the company would in a short time resume business, paying a dollar for every dollar of its indebtedness. The Zumbrota bank, which held $60,000 of its paper, has reopened its doors.

Failure in Jewelry.

CINCINNATI, May 30.—Abe Steinau, the jeweler at Fourth and Race streets, has made an assignment. The liabilities are $73,000; assets, $60,000. A judgment for $40,000 was filed in favor of his wife.

AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Unveiling of the Silver Statue of "Justice" in the Mines Building.

CHICAGO, May 30.—Decoration Day crowd at the fair was a true exemplification of a holiday assemblage and the fine weather that graced the morning gave a wholesome touch to Decoration Day and rendered the enjoyment of the occasion complete in every way. All modes

UNVEILING THE SILVER STATUE.

of transportation were taxed early and the crowd, long before noon, was running in close competition to that of Sunday. But the multitudes did not move until the afternoon. The closing of all down town stores at noon sent the thousands of employes to the exposition, and these, together with other visitors from far and near, swelled the crowd to about sixty thousand. It was also an "open evening," and as most of those on the grounds remained and were augmented by arrivals after dark to view the beauties of the illumination the 100,000 mark was approached, if not quite exceeded when the gates closed for the night.

The unveiling of the silver statue "Justice" in the Montana section of the Mines building took place at 3 o'clock, on which occasion the Montana commissioners were present. The programme included an address by Major Martin Maginnis of Montana, the unveiling of the statue by Mrs. Rickards of Montana, and an address by the Hon. J. M. Quinn, editor of the Butte Miner. A coaching party of friends left Montana club house on Michigan avenue at noon and drove to the exposition grounds previous to the ceremony. At the close of the exercises luncheon was served.

Committee on Awards.

The executive committee on awards met in John Boyd Thacher's office in the Administration building. The award matter and the complaints which have been received from time to time were thoroughly discussed. A letter was then sent to the foreign exhibitors, refusing, it is understood, to recede from the position already taken by Mr. Thacher and maintaining that the present system of awards is the proper one. The letter was addressed to Mr. Arthur Loeffer, chairman of the foreign committee and he will probably receive it in the evening. This may result in the withdrawal of exhibits from competition for awards, but no displays will be taken from the buildings.

EULALIE AT WEST POINT.

The Infanta Pleased with the Cadets and Their Drill.

NEW YORK, May 30.—The Infanta Eulalie and her suite made the postponed trip to West Point on the steamer Monmouth. The start was at 10:30 a. m. As the boat swung out into the river the Brazilian warship Aquadaban saluted, followed by the cruisers Philadelphia and Newark and the monitor Miantonomah. Passing the three Spanish caravels the infanta was enthusiastically cheered by her countrymen. She remained on deck nearly three-quarters of an hour and then held a reception in the cabin. At luncheon the following ladies sat with the princess and her suite: Mrs. Gilroy, Mrs. Howard Carroll, Mrs. Walter Stanton, Mrs. Loomis Langdon, Mrs. J. J. O'Donoghue, Mrs. E. V. Skinner, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. George B. McClellan, Mrs. General Fitzgerald, Mrs. Tappen, Mrs. Sullivan, and Mrs. Spraker.

The party was met at the landing at West Point by a company of cavalry. Arrived at the parade ground the infanta's carriage was driven to the best possible point of observation, in front of Superintendent Ernst's quarters. The cadets were on their mettle and never drilled as they did this time. The princess frequently clapped her hands at some particular brilliant evolution, and the prince nodded his approval at frequent intervals. After the dress parade the princess held a reception in the house of Colonel Ernst. It lasted only a few minutes, and then the royal party was shown about the academy, and, before re-embarking on board the Monmouth, drove around the ground. During the reception in Colonel Ernst's quarters the Saragossa band, which had come ashore after the princess, alternated with the Academy band in playing lively airs. The Monmouth started back to New York shortly before 4 p. m.

WANT SUNDAY CLOSING.

The Firm of Wanamaker & Brown Files Suit for an Injunction.

CHICAGO, May 30.—Edwin Walker, as attorney for the exposition company, has filed his answer to the bill of District Attorney Milchrist asking that the World's fair be closed on Sundays. The main contention of Mr. Walker is that the national government has no control over the fair more than its own exhibit, and that congress has passed no law ordering the gates closed on Sunday, mainly for the reason that it had no power to. What congress did was to agree to give the fair $2,500,000, one of the conditions being that it close on Sundays, but it afterward held back $750,000 of this, thus, Mr. Walker claims, voiding the contract.

Another injunction suit asking that the World's fair be closed on Sundays has been filed in the United States court, the complainant being the firm of Wanamaker & Brown of Philadelphia, the head of which is one John Wanamaker, late postmaster general. The firm sets up that Sunday opening is illegal and contrary to its religious scruples.

New Surgeon General Appointed.

WASHINGTON, May 30.—The president has appointed Colonel George M. Sternberg, U. S. A., to be surgeon general of the army to succeed Brigadier General Charles Sutherland, retired.

Immigrant Inspectorship for Michigan.

WASHINGTON, May 30.—Secretary Carlisle has appointed Cornelius C. McGlogan of Michigan an immigrant inspector.

ILLINOIS LEGISLATURE.

What the Solons Are Doing at the State Capital.

SPRINGFIELD, May 25.—The senate sent to third reading a bill appropriating $120,000 each to the northern and southern hospitals for the insane. The final action on the Ford compulsory school bill was taken, it being the calling of the absentees and announcement of the vote taken on passage May 16; the bill passed, 27 to 2. In the house the vote defeating Leavitt's chattel mortgage bill was reconsidered, the bill amended and ordered to third reading. The bill requiring all insurance on property in this state to be placed by resident agents was passed. The bill to regulate windstorm insurance companies was passed.

SPRINGFIELD, May 26.—Senator Bass tried his hand in correcting the lieutenant governor by remarking that if that official would speak "a little plainer we will be able to understand what is going on." Bass evidently didn't know that McGill was baited for that sort of fish, but he was, for he landed his game with the retort that of Bass would pay attention to the business of the senate "and not occupy himself with lobbyists," etc. and so on. And then the president of the senate drowned what Bass had to say in reply by a vigorous pounding on his desk with the gavel.

The bill declaring the Saline river un navigable was passed, as was the bill to regulate the width of wagon tires by offering rebate of road tax for wide tires. A bill was introduced and sent to second reading providing for raising the following amounts by taxation: For general state purposes, $1,200,000 per annum in the years 1893 and 1894, $1,000,000 in 1893 and the same amount in 1894, in lieu of the 2 mill tax. Dennis Hogan was confirmed as trustee of the northern insane hospital.

Reports on the charitable institutions of the state were to the effect that they were all properly managed, and recommended certain improvements to the buildings. The congressional apportionment bill was taken up as every Democratic member was in his seat and the Republican substitute for the Democratic measure tabled—77 to 0; A motion to recommit was lost—75 to 75, one Democrat voting with the Republicans. The bill was then ordered to third reading. The bill to regulate telephone charges was read the first time, and several appropriation bills sent to third reading.

SPRINGFIELD, May 27.—The compulsory school bill which is to take the place of the Edwards law has been passed by the house, receiving just 77 votes—a majority of the members. It provides that all children between the ages of 7 and 14 must be sent to school by those having their control at least sixteen weeks—twelve weeks consecutively—during each year, the school to be whatever the parent or guardian choose, but children who are otherwise instructed for a like period of time in the elementary branches, and those physically or mentally incapacitated, or who are excused by any competent court, are exempted from the forgoing provision.

Those having charge of educational matters in the state are to appoint persons to report violations of the law and to notify parents or guardians of complaints, and one of the board of education, or one of the directors, in town or district, shall hear excuses of parents, etc., for non-attendance of children at school and report in writing to the full board. The law provides penalties for its violation. The truant officer is given discretion to report truants or not as his judgment dictates, and the parents or guardians have five days to answer.

The house wrangled for a long time over the congressional reapportionment, one Democrat—Carson—refusing to vote on the measure and thereby throwing things out of whack, for without him the Democrats could not raise a quorum and Crafts is no "czar" and will not count one, although there was one present all the time.

The senate ordered to third reading the bills conferring police power on the Chicago sanitary commission, appropriating $9,000 for a statue to General Shields, making it a misdemeanor to interfere with a man's right to belong to a labor organization.

BRIGGS' TRIAL BEGUN.

The Professor Is to Have Seven Hours to Reply to Charges.

WASHINGTON, May 29.—The gift of divine light and guidance in solving the question before the high judicial court of the Presbyterian church was the earnest plea of every prayer offered at the half hour devotional meeting which preceded the day's sessions of the general assembly. The service was conducted by Professor J. M. Coyner of Los Angeles, who read the first chapter of Hebrews. Colonel McCook of the prosecuting committee was the first of the leading figures to arrive. Rev. Mr. Lampe reached his seat just as Moderator Craig opened the assembly with prayer. While the minutes were being read Rev. G. W. Birch, chairman of the prosecuting committee, appeared, carrying his familiar bag and took his seat. At this time Rev. D. R. Frasier of Newark was the only occupant of the Briggs table, but before the reading of the minutes was concluded the defendant, enveloped in a dark overcoat and accompanied by Professor Francis Brown of Union seminary, entered and prepared himself for the day's session.

The trial of Dr. Briggs began. Four and a half hours were allowed the appellants to open and close the case. Dr. Briggs was allowed seven hours to reply and the New York presbytery, from whose judgment the appeal was taken, were assigned two hours, to be used in ten minute speeches.

Dr. Lampe, who opened the case for the prosecution, having consumed two hours and a quarter of his allotted time, yielded to a motion for a recess and the proceedings were suspended until 3:30 p. m.

Lampe's argument for the prosecution was not concluded until a little after 4 o'clock, and then Dr. Briggs opened the defense on his own behalf amid intense interest and suppressed excitement.

Rev. Dr. Robinson's Views.

MONMOUTH, Ills., May 29.—In presenting a partial reform to the United Presbyterian assembly Rev. W. J. Robinson, D. D., of Allegheney, Pa., said that crime was on the increase, that we are a nation of Sabbath desecrators legalized by the action of government that the World's fair gates will be opened on Sunday because the government was powerless to prevent it. He thought that the deplorable condition of the country was caused by the lack of interest manifested among the Christian people. He maintained that the professors of religion were not united, they neither worked nor voted as they prayed.

The decision of the Princess May to have only British and Irish made goods in her wedding trousseau has apparently given great satisfaction to the native workingmen.

SENSATIONAL FAILURE.

Ex-Secretary of the Treasury Foster Assigns.

OTHER CONCERNS ARE AFFECTED.

Numerous Firms Backed by Mr. Foster Will Be Compelled to Assign—Deplorable Loss to Business Men Who Were Depositors in the Bank—Mr. Foster's Collapse Said To Be the Result of His Unstinted Generosity.

CINCINNATI, May 28.—A special to The Post from Fostoria says: Ex-Secretary of the Treasury Charles Foster and the Foster Banking company, have failed and has made an assignment. Years ago Foster was in business in Fostoria as a dry goods merchant. Soon after the war closed he helped to organize the Fostoria National bank. By shrewd speculation in real estate he became wealthy, and, in 1879, when elected governor of Ohio for the first time, was reputed to be worth $1,000,000. During the next four years he lost heavily in Lake Superior copper mines, in natural gas and street railway speculations. At Findlay during its temporary boom he invested largely.

When the bubble burst he with many others was caught for many thousands of dollars. He also lost by indorsing notes for business and political friends. Since then he has attempted to recoup his losses, but only became deeply involved. The crash was temporarily averted by his appointment as secretary of the treasury. It is thought he will at best not be able to more than pay his debts.

Other Concerns Also Fail.

The assignment of ex-Secretary Foster was the signal for the assignment of a number of concerns in which he was interested. The brass and iron works was one of the concerns to assign. Besides Mr. Foster, Mr. Perts was one of the owners of this concern. The liabilities and assets of this company are included in the personal statement of the ex-secretary. The Mambourg, Calcined and Crocker Window Glass companies, three concerns that have

HON. CHARLES FOSTER.

been backed by Mr. Foster, will also assign. The extent of the failure is so great that its significance can scarcely be realised. A half dozen of the prominent industries will go to the wall and hundreds of people be thrown out of employment. The loss to business men who were depositors in Foster and Co.'s bank is one of the deplorable features of the crash, but it is confidently believed that none of them will suffer to an extent that will cause them to assign.

Starts a Run on Another Bank.

A run was made on the Mechanics' Savings bank as soon as its doors were opened, but with $80,000 in currency piled upon the cashier's desk the demands of all the frightened depositors were promptly met and none turned away. The loss to Fostoria is a great one and one that will require considerable time to recover from; but great as it is, the regret on this account in no way lessens the regret and sympathy expressed for the secretary. It is generally conceded that his unstinted generosity and phenomenal public spirit have been the indirect causes of his financial downfall, as he was ever ready to lend a helping hand to the poor and worthy. The assignment of Davis & Foster, the wholesale grocers, will probably be the direct cause of the failure of a number of grocery concerns throughout the country. It is said that the firm has $125,000 unpaid accounts and notes due it.

Presidential Appointments.

WASHINGTON, May 29.—The president made the following appointments: Wendell A. Anderson of Wisconsin, to be consul general of the United States at Montreal, Canada. John B. Riley of New York, to be consul general of the United States at Ottawa, Can. Jacob Sleeper of Massachusetts, to be secretary of legation and consul general of the United States at Bogota, Colombia. Province McCormick of Virginia, to be an Indian inspector. George C. Wadell of Arizona, to be a commissioner on the World's Columbian commission, vice William K. Maed, resigned.

Confessed an Awful Crime.

CHICAGO, May 29.—George Craig, a young man 21 years old, living at 394 North Clark street, made a full confession to Captain Kipley of the West Chicago Avenue station that he was the murderer of little Emma Werner in the rear of the Fecker brewery on Dudley street May 9, giving the circumstances of his horrible crime. He told how he enticed her to the lonely spot in the alley between Dudley and Robey streets on Bloomingdale road and of his assault, but he carefully refrained from saying that he murdered her.

Against Dr. Briggs.

WASHINGTON, May 29.—By a vote of 409 to 145 the Presbyterian general assembly decided to entertain the appeal in the case of Dr. Briggs. The general assembly adopted resolutions declaring the Geary law in contravention of treaty obligations and in violation of the fundamental principles of our government, and urging its repeal. Copies of these resolutions were ordered to be transmitted to congress and a committee was appointed to present them to the president.

Pork $23 Per Barrel.

CHICAGO, May 26.—Pork furnished a sensation on the board, advancing $2.15 and closing with a net gain for the day of $1.50 per barrel. It opened dull and traders who might have bought all they wanted in the first hour at $21 per barrel or less jumped for it an hour later when it was selling for $23.

Lighthouse Keeper Appointed.

WASHINGTON, May 29.—The following appointment has been made in the treasury department: Theodore Hazen, assistant keeper lighthouse, Poverty Island, Mich.

NEWS OF THE VIKING SHIP.

Sighted Off Cape Spears—All on Board Are Well.

NEW YORK, May 29.—A telegram was received by Professor H. C. Boyesen of Columbia college from Captain Anderson, who has charge of the Viking ship, which is on its way to the World's fair, saying that the vessel was off Cape Spear, N. F., and that all hands on board were well.

THE VIKING SHIP.

This is the first that has been heard of the ship since she was seen in a storm off the Orkney islands a fortnight ago. The Viking ship was to have made its first landing at New London, Conn., but as the citizens of Newport, R. I., in connection with the New York Yacht club, have determined to arrange a series of festivities in honor of the Viking, it was decided at a meeting of the reception committee to inform Captain Anderson, through the New England pilots, to sail for Newport instead of New London. A tugboat will be sent to Newport by the New York committee to tow the Viking through Long Island sound to City island, where a government tugboat and a United States war vessel will escort her to this city.

RUN DOWN BY TRAINS.

Mother and Daughter and Minister and Wife Killed.

PITTSBURG, May 29.—Mrs. Nancy McCarrigher and her 18-year-old daughter were struck by a fast train at Shousetown, on the Pittsburg and Lake Erie railroad. The mother was instantly killed and the daughter died later. The unfortunates were walking on the track on their way home from church and in avoiding one train stepped in front of another. Many of the church people witnessed the accident.

Minister and Wife Killed.

MILNER, Ga., May 29.—The "Nancy Hanks," the fastest train on the Central railroad, ran over and killed William M. Graham and his wife, a short distance below this place. Near the scene of the accident is a little country church in which all the people around hold union services, and Rev. Graham was the pastor. He was an aged man, having some means, and was a leader in all local affairs. He had conducted services as usual and was returning home with his wife when they met their death.

THE FIRE RECORD.

Sugar Refinery Destroyed with Loss of Over $1,000,000.

BALTIMORE, May 29.—The Baltimore sugar refinery is in hard luck. It was started in 1821. In 1892 it was shut down for remodeling. It was to be reopened this week, but it was destroyed by fire. The estimated damages are over $1,000,000. On the shore of Curtis creek stands the blackened ruins of the great plant, for which $1,200,000 was spent. Stretching 300 feet along the railroad tracks on the north, with a depth of nearly 300 feet, the plant has been damaged in every part. The gigantic smoke stack and walls tower aloft to a height of ten stories, but the roofs have fallen, some of the buildings are gone, wood work, machinery and all parts of the interior have been distorted or ruined by fire or water. The immense buildings have been so riddled that daylight can be seen through the windows from side to side. The insurance on the property is said to aggregate between $300,000 and $400,000, the bulk of which was placed in New York.

Suicide of Chaplain Milburn's Son.

CHICAGO, May 29.—An inquest was held on the body of F. H. Milburn, the son of N. H. Milburn, the blind chaplain of the United States senate, who killed himself at the Saratoga hotel. The testimony brought out the fact very clearly that the young man committed suicide because he had despaired of being able to conquer his appetite for liquor and had concluded to end the fight. Chaplain Milburn, who is at Jacksonville, Ills., telegraphed that the remains be sent to him there for burial.

Minister to the Netherlands.

WASHINGTON, May 25.—The president has appointed William D. Quinby of Michigan to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to the Netherlands.

The following appointments have been made in the interior department: Richard R. Poe of Arkansas, special agent of the general land office; Webster S. Ruckman of Pennsylvania, fourth assistant examiner in the patent office.

Foreclosed on the C. and E. I.

CHICAGO, May 30.—The Commercial National bank has filed a bill in the circuit court against the Chicago and Eastern Illinois railroad, to foreclose a trust deed of $500,000, dated in 1873, and made by the Chicago, Danville and Vincennes railroad to secure and issue of bonds. The Eastern Illinois is the successor of the old Danville and Vincennes and the action is brought in the courts to determine the liabilities of each road.

Valuable Trotter Killed.

DENVER, May 29.—James F, a trotter with a mark of 2:16 and valued by his owner, James Slevin of Aspen at $10,000, was almost instantly killed on the Overland park track by a collision with Matren Gold Dust, who may also die from injuries received. The horses were being speeded and James F was on the wrong side of the track.

Heavy Liabilities.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 29.—The Yates schedules have been filed. They show total assets nominal value, $3,918,894.49; actual value, $2,616,616.30. Total indebtedness, $2,767,048.17; contingent liabilities, $1,361,822.76. Total liabilities, $4,115,363.98.

Raise in Insurance Rates.

INDIANAPOLIS, May 27.—There was a flurry in insurance circles here caused by the receipt of an order to declare a raise of 15 cents on the $100 in rates on mercantile risks and 30 cents on special hazards.

Dr. Graves Set Free.

DENVER, May 29.—The prosecution has abandoned the case against Dr. Graves of Providence, R. I., who was charged with the murder of Mrs. Barnaby and was given his liberty.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Items of General Interest Picked from Here and There.

Olo Nelson, an immigrant, was thrown from a wagon and killed at Clinton, Ia.

Governor Altgeld pardoned Albert L. Williams, colored, of Peoria, who had served five out of a six years' sentence for criminal assault.

In a riot at the Gum Springs saloon, Middlesboro, Ky., in which white and negro men and women participated, Mattie Young was shot and killed by John Martin.

In a fire at Moulton, Ia., a child was burned to death.

Bert Craig, a switchman who lost both legs in a defective frog, has sued the Lake Erie and Western railroad for $50,000 damages.

Two men named Merk and McCann are under arrest at Clarion, Pa., charged with murdering William Crawford, a telegraph operator, at Foxburg. There was some talk of lynching the prisoners.

James Poe, a farmer living near Benton, Ark., fell from his wagon under the wheels, and before he could crawl away a wheel passed over his head, crushing it to a jelly.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. George Crookshank of Randolph, Ills., celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary with great ceremony and after the banquet their son and Miss Eliza Forver were wedded.

James E. Layton was granted a divorce at Goshen, Ind., and within an hour had taken out a license to wed a pretty girl in the same town.

The body of an unidentified man was found under a high railroad trestle near Arenzyville, Ills. It is supposed he fell through.

W. C. Rinearson, general traveling passenger agent of the Chicago Great Western, has been appointed general passenger agent of the Cleveland, Akron and Columbus road, the appointment to take effect June 1.

General Buckner, whose campaign slogan, "Bolivar, Betty and the Baby," still rings in bluegrass cars, has had constructed a little steam river yacht in which he expects to take cruises down the Ohio and the Mississippi.

* * *

Franzippi Zipple has sued an Oshkosh concern for $10,000 for a broken hip, caused by the negligence of the company's employe.

The general synod of the Evangelical Lutheran church began its annual session at Canton, O.

Officers of the Forty-sixth Illinois volunteers have decided to hold the next reunion in Freeport, Ills., Sept. 13 and 14.

A Waupaca, Wis., man named Nettleson claimed to have been robbed of $1,900 by a robber. The officers think he faked the story to escape his creditors.

The winter wheat millers in session at Toledo appointed a committee to secure ninety instead of thirty days in which to mill wheat in transit and ship product.

George H. Graves has been appointed superintendent of the Indianapolis, Decatur and Western.

The National Master Mechanics' association will hold its annual convention at Lakewood, June 20-23. The Erie is extending the courtesies of its road to the members and their families.

Casper Sevenson, a Swede immigrant, who had just landed in Rockport, Ills., has died of smallpox. Rigid precautions have been taken to prevent the disease spreading.

* * *

Fifteen freight cars were wrecked on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago railroad between Dunkirk and Forest, O.

J. F. Loubet of New York has received from Pope Leo the title of duke, an honor seldom conferred by the holy see. Mr. Loubet was created a count in 1888. He has presented statues of the pope to the Catholic university at Washington and to the cathedrals at Carpineti and Perugia.

The Long Distance Telephone company has declared its first quarterly dividend of 1¼ per cent.

It was decided at New York to place the affairs of the National Bank of Deposit in the hands of a board of trustees.

Starechowitz Lesche, a village of about 750 inhabitants near Otmutz, Moravia, has been totally destroyed by fire. Four persons lost their lives in the conflagration.

A Washington report says that congress will be summoned to meet about Aug. 1.

The Prince and Princess de Joinville have celebrated their golden wedding at Charlett, France. The princess is the sister of the late emperor of Brazil.

* * *

The secretary of agriculture has appointed Evans H. Pritchard of Indiana inspector of the bureau of animal industry at Indianapolis.

Tony Jackson, a farmer residing near Hillsboro, Ills., was gored to death by a bull while crossing a pasture.

Reports received at the treasury department indicate a larger registration of Chinese than at first anticipated. So far reports from forty-nine out of sixty-three internal revenue districts show that 11,278 have registered.

Daniel N. Morgan of Connecticut, the new United States treasurer, will relieve E. R. Nebeker June 1. It will take two months and a half to complete the count of the money.

That Tired Feeling

The marked benefit which people overcome by That Tired Feeling derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla, conclusively proves that this medicine "makes the weak strong." J. B. Emerton, a well known merchant of Auburn, Maine, says: "About five years ago I began to suffer with very severe pain in my Stomach, gradually growing worse. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, being convinced that I was troubled with Dyspepsia complicated with Liver and Kidney troubles. I improved at once and am certainly very much better and feel more like working.

Mr. J. B. Emerton.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

always gives me relief and great comfort. It is a God-send to any one suffering as I did."

Hood's Pills cure liabitual Constipation by [illegible] of the alimentary canal.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, JUNE 3, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—Mr. E. S. Willard.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—"Ali Baba."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Lillian Russell Opera Company.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"Black Crook."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Sol Smith Russell.

AUDITORIUM.
Congress street and Wabash avenue—Kiralfy's Grand Spectacle, "America."

BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST.
Sixty-third street, Opposite World's Fair—Congress of Rough Riders of the World. Open every day, rain or shine.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Girl I Left Behind Me."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—John F. Sheridan.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Spider and Fly."

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

ARCHBISHOP FEEHAN'S ADDRESS.

No person of Irish birth or descent, having the slightest respect for the old motherland, can help being deeply touched by the noble words uttered by Archbishop Feehan at the Moore memorial celebration on last Saturday night. It was a tribute to the brave and the unfortunate who suffered and died for Ireland, from the lips of a revered prelate, and no greener wreath has been laid in these latter years on the graves of the Irish martyrs of this and preceding generations. Addressed to a world which mostly worships success, and to a people who, with many good qualities, are sometimes only too forgetful of those who have served the race, and, in fact, saved it from insignificance, if not social and political annihilation, it was deeply significant. The impulses of the Irish people are, in themselves, true and noble, but we are often fatally open to the wiles of the enemy, and, as a consequence, we become jealous, suspicious, inert and, therefore, inconsequential. If the national sentiment, or the pride of race, is once eliminated from the breast of an Irishman, he becomes worthless, even in the sense of American citizenship. Even adherence to the faith of his fathers does not save him entirely from the sad doom of the racial renegade. The Irishman born in Ireland, who has not the natural pride of a true man in his native country, is, indeed, a poor creature, although he may possess all the good things of the world; and the descendants of Irishmen, in this free land, who disdain any connection with the parent island, are in no sense better Americans because of their disdainfulness. Nor do either of these classes make the favorable impression on the Anglo-American mind they aim at. The Anglo-Americans, intensely attached as they are to the country of their birth, rarely lose their reverence for "the mother country," her history, her literature and her laws, even though they have been bitterly divided from her by two long and bloody wars, and by subsequent causes of distrust and heartburning. The editor of THE CITIZEN has been much among Anglo-Americans, socially and otherwise, and he never yet has met an intelligent man or woman among them, who liked an Irish-American, native or naturalized, the less because he remained true to the traditions and the principles of his race. On the contrary, they are all the more friendly on that account; and when brought to a proper understanding of the great Irish question—which appeals to their freedom-loving sympathies—they often become more enthusiastic supporters of the cause than those to the manor born. So it is also when they come in contact with the sweet strains of the Irish music, or in any degree conversant with the national literature of the Irish land.

Why, then, with such favorable soil in which to sow sympathy for the ancient land, her poetical and oratorical genius, her inborn enthusiasm for the arts and sciences, her stirring, yet pathetic, music and song, and her blameless cause, are her children, and their children, in the United States often so supine in her interests? Is it that we have drunk to the dregs the cup of disaster and defeat? No; because other races, including the Poles, have suffered like our own, and they are still united and unbroken in spirit. Is it because many of us have been derilict in our own homes, as the parents, guardians and mind educators of children who ought to know the previous history of their fathers as well, at least, as other American adopted races know theirs? We fear this is the main evil. In many Irish-American homes of this city, the name of Ireland is seldom or never mentioned, or, if mentioned, it is done in such a sort that it were better left alone. The Irish-American child, uninstructed in race history, goes forth into the world without sword or buckler. He is, in the words of Archbishop Feehan, pursued by "the English tradition," against which he should be equipped to battle morally, if not physically, with all his might. When the name of Ireland is mentioned with a sneer by the hereditary enemies of his race, and their sympathizers, he ought to be in a position to refute their scorn and cover them with the confusion which should ever overwhelm malignant bigotry and presumptuous ignorance. All Irish-American children are not left thus without needful knowledge of the past, and even the present, but too many—far too many—are. Most of our educated Irish-American young ladies can play entrancingly on divers musical instruments. Many can sing charmingly, but, while they give full play to the melodies of all other nations and races, seldom, indeed, do they condescend to strike on the chords of harp, or piano, or zither, or mandolin, the melodies that won, ages ago, for their mother country, the proud title of the Land of Song.

We once asked the late eminent John Mitchel, when he was on a visit to this city in 1874, how he could account for this decadence of sympathy with the cradle land among our young Irish-Americans of both sexes. "Well," he answered, "we are now paying the sad penalty of a beaten people—a people beaten, too, without having made sufficient honorable effort to avoid inglorious defeat. My associates in the '48 movement and I saw this result long before it came upon us. It was on this ground we differed from O'Connell. We were in a position to make an effective battle for our liberty, by sheer force of our great physical strength, in 1843. It is all nonsense to say the small and poorly weaponed English army, made up nearly one-half of Irishmen partly, indeed almost wholly, disaffected to the Crown, could have beaten us, if we had made an united and determined effort at the time the Clontarf meeting was suppressed. Even if we had been defeated, which I think was barely possible at the time, we would have won the respect of both America and Europe, including that of England herself. As it was, we surrendered without a blow. We lost our prestige—almost our national honor—and this curse will pursue us and our children until the only and original cause of our greatest misfortunes—England's domination in Ireland—is removed." The foregoing is the spirit of his remarks, and they deserve the serious consideration of all our people. Ireland, chiefly because of our own remissness, has, at present, no place among the nations as a nation. She is engulphed by the British Moloch. We have not at the World's Fair a single building to commemorate our ancient renown—we who, in the last century, presented in our national capital, models of architectural grandeur that made the proudest states of Europe envious. In the congresses of all interests held, or to be held, here, Ireland and the Irish have no place. Catholic congresses are not individual to Ireland and her children—they belong to all races and countries—and consequently do not satisfy racial pride.

If Home Rule, of any decent kind, should ever come, we hope the Irish parliament, or legislature, or whatever it may be called, will make provision for an Irish exhibit, worthy the natural resources of the island, and of the industrial genius of her sons and daughters, at the next World's Fair, wherever it may be held. The only way to restore race pride to the portion of the Irish people, who seem to be without it at present, is to place before their eyes object lessons that may remind them that Ireland is not a bog or a desert, but a fruitful island, blighted by devils in human shape, called the English government, and the only way this can be done is to have distinctive recognition of Ireland nationally, artistically and materially in places where the whole world may be witnesses.

A CORRECTOR CORRECTED.

Mr. William Gardner, who signs himself "President of the N.A.U.C. Association," has written a letter to the Chicago *Evening Post* correcting another man in regard to Victoria Wettin's proper title, in the course of which he says: "Any schoolboy knows that, since the Union, the official title has been King (or Queen) of Great Britain." Now, Mr. Gardner is a Scotchman and ought to know better than this. Victoria Wettin's title is "Queen of Great Britain *and Ireland* and Empress of India." The Scotch and Welsh are swallowed by the English shark, under the name of Great Britain, but Ireland sticks in his bloody gullet, you know, and will not down. This is a poor consolation enough, but it is a consolation.

BUFFALO BILL'S EQUINE EXHIBIT.

Buffalo Bill's Wild West exhibition, adjoining the World's Fair grounds, is the paradise of those who wish to behold the poetry of rough riding. There is also some smooth riding, but the rougher kind sways the mighty multitudes that muster in the huge arena ruled by the picturesque frontiersman, who has succeeded in preserving for the eyes of the rising generation stirring realisms that cannot exist within the natural years of strong men now living. Colonel Cody is entitled to credit—even gratitude—for this, because, although his exhibition is a thing of profit, no man, woman or child who visits it can deny that the heart-moving spectacle is worth ten times the amount paid for the privilege of beholding it.

The scene, on ordinary days, at the Wild West Coliseum is inspiring enough, but, on extraordinary days, when there is a national holiday, when the sun shines fair, and the breezes blow healthfully, the vast array of humanity that awaits the opening of the exercises, carries the mind back to the days of pagan Rome, when the soil of the arena drank plentifully of the blood of man and brute, "in one red burial blent."

Fortunately there is no vital stream to redden the earth of Buffalo Bill's stamping ground, because only friendly rivalry dominates his territory, and "the neighing steed, and flashing blade, and bugle's stirring blast" mean only the semblance of glorious war, although they carry with them all its splendid associations without its gory horrors.

There has always been something peculiarly fascinating to us in the appearance, habits and customs of the native American Indians. At Buffalo Bill's picturesque show they are the most unique and impressive feature. Not Bedouin, or Cossack, or French chasseur, or German uhlan, or British lancer, or American cavalryman, or Mexican vaquero, or reckless Cowboy, can excel the swaying grace, the firm, yet mobile, seat of "the terrible prairie man" on the bare back of his diminutive, but swift and enduring warhorse. The Cossack is, perhaps, more at home in the hippodrome fancy work; the Mexicao more expert with the lasso; the Cowboy more at ease on the ridge pole of a bucking broncho, but the Indian leaves all in the shade as a natural, yet scientific, rider.

The variety of uniforms, of styles of horsemanship, of physique, of adornment, of the various bands brought into action at the "congress of rough riders of the world" make a picture so splendid and animated that no pencil painting, or word painting either, can begin to do justice to the effect on the vision and the mind of the spectators. Many of the Sioux, Cheyenne and Crow warriors are far above the ordinary stature of white men, and they leave nothing undone to add to the natural ferocity of their appearance in the matter of war bonnets, plumes, bright-colored blankets, prismatic painting and bead bespangled robes.

Buffalo Bill, himself, although showing the advance of time on his handsome head—the long and luxurious brown hair beginning to grizzle and grow thin—preserves the youthful grace and expression of feature which have distinguished him since he first became famous as a scout and a warrior on the plains of the West. His iron frame is as lithe and active as of old, and as he reins backward the splendid charger presented to him by General Miles, and raises his sombrero in salute to the people, he seems the very beau ideal of American border chivalry. The marvelous accuracy of his aim is still unshaken, and, although he has in his train younger and, perhaps, more aspiring sharp shooters, he holds the championship in shooting from horseback, which won him the title which is a household word today around the world. The acrobatic feats, jugglery and other side features of the exhibition, while they would be most interesting under other conditions, prolong the programme, crowd the foreground and somewhat detract from the massive splendor of the general picture, framed in on three sides by 20,000 eager faces, and having a strikingly defined background of western mountain scenery on the fourth. What the people best like about Buffalo Bill's exhibit is that the great majority of its features are foreign to the circus, and smell of the wholesome earth, rather than the stale sawdust. In the light of the superb horsemanship, the gorgeous costumes, the mimic, yet realistic, charge, encounter and repulse, all lesser attractions fade and become insignificant.

Major John M. Burke, the business manager of the show, and the guide counsellor and friend of those who call upon Colonel Cody while that gentleman is engaged in the duties of his profession, is a phenomenally good-natured man, and his very aspect has about it an air of invincible prosperity. Among the attractions outside of the arena, may be mentioned the wounded and crippled chief, Rain-in-the-Face, said to have given General Custer his death shot; Curley, the Crow, scout, sole survivor of the immediate command of that brave and ill-fated leader; and Johnny Burke No-Neck, picked up on the battlefield of Wounded Knee creek, after all his relatives had perished in the red blast of Forsyth's Gatling guns and rifles. There is also to be seen, perfectly reproduced, the log cabin of Sitting Bull, and in its timbers are the marks of the bullets that terminated his stormy life, when his Sioux brethren of the Indian police, led by Bull Head, murdered him, in cold blood, in January, 1891.

The large number of tents and tepees give the vicinity of the Wild West exhibition the strong features of a military encampment, and the commissariat accommodations, directed by Captain Langan, are on a generous scale. Independent in all things, Buffalo Bill has his own electric light plant to illuminate the grounds at night, and all other necessities are provided for on a scale equally liberal. If he and his friend and partner, Nate Saulsbury, do not make a couple of handsome fortunes out of the World's Fair period of their entertainment, the fault will not rest with the people, for, assuredly, no show of ancient or modern times has been so well patronized or so heartily enjoyed.

A VERY SAD BEREAVEMENT.

Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Sexton, No. 1340 Michigan avenue, have been grievously afflicted, for the second time within a few years, by the death of their charming little daughter, Isabel Madaline, which occurred at the family residence last Monday. The child was barely 9 years old, and was large, strong and vigorous to a remarkable degree. Her sudden calling away is a frightful shock to the hearts of the parents, and to the numerous friends of the family. THE CITIZEN tenders its respectful sympathy, although words of consolation are simply idle under such distressing circumstances.

THE ENGLISH BEAR GARDEN.

Our national house of representatives has been frequently referred to as "a bear garden," when scenes arose during the progress of what we term "filibustering" and the English "obstruction." The average American idea of the British house of commons is that it is a very staid, generally stupid and always dignified body. Occasionally, however, it manages to part successfully with the latter portion of its reputation. During the recent debate on Mr. William Redmond's motion that the Home Rule "What is It?" be called the senate the house of commons of Ireland, "Joe" Chamberlain, "the Radical renegade," had the floor, and he was interrupted by Tim Healy, who called out "Clause! clause!" which is equivalent to our "question." Chamberlain remarked, amid great laughter, that "the honorable and learned member for North Louth (Healy) is under a misapprehension. This is a committee of the house of commons. It is not a meeting of the shareholders of the *Freeman's Journal*!" The cut told for the reason that "Tim" had been ejected from part management of the paper referred to a few days before. After Chamberlain had proceeded for some time with his speech, the report says, "Lord Randolph Churchill caused considerable surprise by jumping to his feet and exclaiming, referring to some member of the house who had made a somewhat inarticulate interruption, 'I move that those words be taken down.' "It was evident," it continues, "that few members knew to what the noble(?) lord was alluding and cries arose of 'What words?'"

Lord Randolph Churchill—I heard the member for North Louth (T. M. Healy) say, "You are knocked up" [English slang for drunk.]

Mr. T. Healy—I said nothing of the kind. The honorable member for South Donegal said "You are all dumb."

Lord Randolph Churchill (vehemently)—I saw you make the exclamation, as well as heard it (cries of "Oh" and "Order.") I move that the words be taken down (cries of "Oh," and cheers.)

Mr. Diamond—That is not true.

Mr. Gibson Bowles—I move that the words "That is not true" be taken down (laughter and renewed interruption.)

Mr. T. Harrington—Will the noble lord accept the statement of the honorable member for South Belfast (Mr. Johnson), who heard the observation, and whose word, I am sure, the noble lord will not doubt? (Hear, hear.)

Mr. Johnston—I should like to make an explanation. The right honorable gentleman, the member for West Birmingham, said he wanted an answer from the Irish benches, and I said, "they are all dumb." [Laughter.)

Lord Randolph Churchill—Those were not the words at all. I heard the honorable member for North Louth say, "you are knocked up." (Cries of "no" and "order.")

Lord Randolph Churchill, excitedly—I did.

Mr. Macartney—I am sure the noble lord misconceived what took place. I am bound to say in justice to the honorable member for North Louth that he made no remark or exclamation. (Nationalist cries of "withdraw.")

Lord Randolph Churchill—This is a question which ought to be decided by the chair. (Cries of "oh" and "withdraw.")

Mr. Ross—"What the honorable member for South Antrim has said is quite correct. The honorable member for North Louth did not speak at all. How the mistake arose was in this way. The honorable member for South Belfast said: "They are dumb," and the honorable member behind him (Mr. Swift MacNeill) said: "You are not dumb; it would be a great advantage if you were." (Loud laughter.)

Mr. Mellor—Is it the pleasure of the committee that the words be taken down? (Cries of "no" and "withdraw.")

Mr. Mellor—Order, order. There is so much noise I am bound to say I heard nothing. (Laughter.) It does not seem to be the pleasure of the committee that the words should be taken down.

Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. T. Healy rose together and remained standing for some time amidst all kinds of shouts from both sides of the house.

Mr. Mellor—I called upon the right honorable gentleman, the member for West Birmingham. Unless he likes to give way he is entitled to go on. (Opposition cheers.)

Mr. Healy seemed disinclined at first to obey the ruling of the chair. Amidst deafening cries the honorable member in a defiant manner shouted out something in which the words, "if I were an English member" were only audible, and then resumed his seat.

MRS. WHITE WEARS THE GREEN.

Mrs. Peter White, who is now managing the Aberdeen Irish Village at the World's Fair, has three brand new, genuine Irish flags flying over Blarney Castle. They were manufactured for her by Mr. John Beegan, who knows all about Irish insignia. We congratulate Mrs. White on her good sense in having taken the paternal advice of THE CITIZEN.

WHAT IS AN AMERICAN CITY.

We should like from the Rev. Dr. Landon, a methodist preacher of New York city, a definition of Americanism. The reverend doctor is one of those queer birds, the Sunday closers. In indorsing a resolution withdrawing the exhibit of an American church from an American fair this Dr. Landon took occasion to remark upon the un-Americanism of Chicago. "Chicago," he said, "properly speaking, is not an American city. It is composed of foreigners. There is not an American spirit there and we cannot expect that there should be much observance of the Sabbath."

And what is Americanism and where are Americans to be found, doctor, pray? Is New York, or Philadelphia, or St. Louis, or Boston, or Cincinnati an American city? In all of them the proportion of citizens of foreign birth is very large. In some it is larger than it is in Chicago. At least four of them have had foreigners as mayors in the last five years. Portsmouth, N. H., York, Pa., and Barry's Corner, Ind., are American cities according to the standard of our methodist doctor, but not one of the great communities of the country, the cities which give life and energy, wealth and picturesqueness to the nation, was built or is held exclusively by Dr. Landon's sort of American. They are the product of the toil of the strong men from many nations. And if Americanism is honest work, good living, the love of liberty and devotion to the welfare of the nation, then Chicago is the most American city on the face of the earth. If Americanism is sloth and ignorance and prejudice and self-satisfaction, then there are no great American cities.

We wonder if Dr. Landon's ancestors belonged to the Pequot tribe of Indians whom the distinguished foreigner Capt. Standish had to fight when he came over from Holland?—*Chicago Evening Post.*

THE INNISFAIL DRAMATIC CLUB.

On last Wednesday evening the Innisfail Dramatic Club gave an entertainment at St. Bridget's hall on Archer avenue, for the benefit of the Young Ladies' Sodality. The hall was filled to overflowing, which showed that the efforts of the young ladies were appreciated by the people. The programme comprised eleven numbers in two parts, the first part of which was finished by the Young Ladies' Sodality, and consisted of a choir chorus and vocal and instrumental music. The second part by the Innisfail Dramatic Club, consisted of a laughable farce, entitled "Dutch Justice," with the following cast: The justice, John G. McEvoy; Lawyer Shortbeif, Richard Quinn; Lawyer Penquill, E. J. Walsh; policeman, Thomas E. Nichol; W. A. Walsh, W. J. Murray and T. A. Beckett, witnesses, prisoners, etc. Miss Clara O'Brien recited Mona's Waters, and received an encore. John G. McCoy, pleased the audience with his popular songs. The programme concluded with "Jake in the Madhouse," with M. A. Walsh as Jake; landlord, H. J. Spencer; Gumboyle, Richard Quinn. The sketch was amusing and kept the audience laughing from beginning to end. After the entertainment a reception was given the club in the parlors by the young ladies. Complimentary speeches were made by the Rev. Father Bonfield, Messrs. Powers ond McShane, thanking the club for the treat they had given them, responded to by Richard Quinn, stage manager, who thanked both the sodality and the people of St. Bridget's for the generous reception given the club. The Rev. M. O'Sullivan was present and enjoyed the entertainment so much, he has engaged the club to repeat the same programme next month at the Nativity church.

TO CELEBRATE THE FOURTH.

The Irish Societies of Nashville Will Unite in a Picnic.

The various Irish organizations held a very enthusiastic meeting yesterday morning in Hibernian hall and perfected arrangements for the union picnic to be given on July 4 by all the Irish national societies. The principal work of the meeting was the selection of committees to make the picnic a success, and in the following roster will be found the names of well-known citizens which is a sufficient guarantee that the picnic will be a success in every particular: General Manager, James S. Glenn; Secretary, J. A. Halloran; Executive Committee, P. J. Flanigan, chairman; M. J. Laffey, M. J. Martin, Thomas Bevington, P. H. Welsh, T. R. Donohue, H. Grimes and J. F. Lomasney; Amusement Committee, T. R. Donohue, chairman; Edward Greeley, Thomas Farrell, Edward Dowd, H. J. McSweeney, James Campion, P. A. Murray and J. D. Landry; Refreshment Committee, W. A. Kelley, chairman; James A. Chapman, M. Newell, O. A. Glennon, John P. Skalley and Thomas Morris; Reception Committee, James Killelea, chairman; John Brody, G. Stritch, Thomas Grady, J. M. Coyle, M. J. Laffey, James McGowan, James Greeley, M. M. Tracy, Jas. Mulloy and J. F. Driscoll; Committee on Grounds, James Carney, chairman; Dan Ryan, E. Lynch, R. E. Martin, M. Shaughnessey, M. Farrell, Frank Shields, Thomas McHugh and John Downs; Committee on Floor, W. J. Varley, chairman; J. A. Lomasney, A. Edgar, Thomas Benington and James Forde.

The above committees will meet subject to the call of the chairman. From the preparations being made and the interest manifested by the different societies, the picnic promises to be one of the most successful ever given in the city. Hon. Burke Cockran, of New York, is expected to be orator of the day.—*Nashville American, May 22.*

OBITUARY.

MME. CUNIFF.

Mme. Cuniff, a member of the community of religious known as the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, died in the convent of the order, West Taylor street, last Tuesday evening, after a long illness. Mme. Cuniff was one of the band of pioneer nuns who came with the well known Mme Gallmey in 1857 to establish the first academy of the order in Chicago, which was then opened on Wabash avenue, near Harmon court. After many years' service in the convents in this city she returned to St. Louis, where she remained until 1871. Her subsequent return to Chicago was coincident with the great fire of that year. Mme. Cuniff left St. Louis Sunday night, Oct. 8, arriving Monday morning in the midst of the wreck and desolation. From that time until the hour of her decease she lived and labored in the West Taylor street academy, esteemed and loved by all her companions and pupils as a devoted nun and an accomplished teacher. She was a native of Galway, Ireland, of a highly respectable family. The deceased lady was always warmly interested in the fortunes of her native land, especially in the cause of Irish home rule, for the success of which she prayed to the last with the fervor and devotion of a true Irish heart. Her age was 70 years. The funeral services were conducted in the convent chapel Thursday morning. The remains were interred at Calvary cemetery.

GOOD BUT UTOPIAN.

The following is an exsract of a letter written at Paris received recently by a relative residing in New York, from the Hon. Mrs. S. Petre, an aunt of the Rev. Lord Petre, lately deceased:

"I see the Home Rule bill has passed the second reading. Its opponents are in a great state of excitement, but those whom it is meant to benefit seem to keep very cool in the matter. Poor Ireland, the Cinderella of the British Empire! I am afraid the fairy prince does not exist who is clever and strong enough to give her real peace and prosperity. I sometimes think if rich Americans of Irish descent would buy up as many properties as possible, they might start works and industries which would in time repay their outlay with interest. Thus Ireland might in the end be restored to the Irish in a peaceful way, and be delivered from the alien proprietors, who, like vampires, have sucked her life blood for centuries.

Should the Home Rule bill be passed, the landlords will be glad to romove to more congenial climes if it be made worth their while to do so. And, no doubt, many people of Irish ancestry would take up their residence in the old land if it were placed under a more equitable regime. There is something in the Celtic nature which turns ever with romantic affection toward the land where their forefathers lived, worked and suffered. The memory of the old home attracts them, whether it stood on the western shore where the great billows of the Atlantic break; among the glens of the Antrim, or the lovely Wicklow mountains on the verdant plains of Meath or Kildare, or by the peerless lakes of Killarney.

"The wealthy descendants of men who were driven from those homes, will see at the Chicago exhibition what the native Irish are capable of, with but a small amount of training, in the manufacture of woolen cloths, art linens, embroideries, laces, wood carving, metal work and other industries. Even the *Times* admits, that their work has secured the approbation of skilled judges throughout Europe." The Irish Americans might soon perhaps have a chance to make romance and reality go hand in hand, by taking peaceful possession of the old country, and raising its people from want and ignorance to prosperity and enlightenment. No weapons would be required to achieve the task but skill, energy and the mighty dollar. And I am convinced that there are enough patriotic Irish-Americans in the United States who possess these talismans in sufficient quantity to accomplish what I have described. SARA PETRE."

Notice.

Mr. M. J. Dougherty has been duly appointed to act as agent for THE CITIZEN in Janesville, Wis., and vicinity. It is unnecessary for us to say anything in reference to Mr. Dougherty, as he is well known throughout the county in which he resides, and is deservedly respected by all who know him.

UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES.

Annual Convention on June 18.

The annual convention of the United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook county will meet in Fitzgerald's Hall, Halsted and Adams streets, on Sunday afternoon, June 18, at 3 o'clock sharp, for the purpose of making arrangements for the annual Irish National Demonstration, to be held at Ogden Grove on Aug. 15; and also to elect officers for the ensuing year. Each qualified Irish-American society, desirous of participating, is entitled to three delegates.

JOHN F. FINERTY, Pres't.
JOHN DOWLING, T. F. M'CARTHY, } Sec's.

Dandruff is due to an enfeebled state of the skin. Hall's Hair Renewer quickens the nutritive functions of the skin, healing and preventing the formation of dandruff.

O'DONNELL ABOO!

Mrs. Ernest Hart Opens Her Irish Village, Donegal Castle in the Centre, With Great Success.

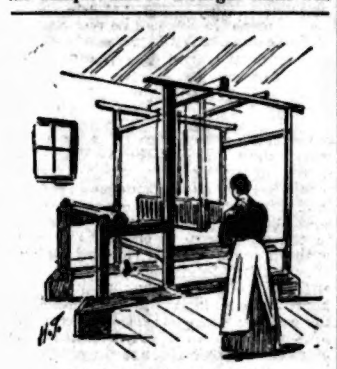
Addresses by Chancellor Muldoon, and Others—Features of the Exhibit.

[*Chicago Herald, May 27.*]

Ireland's flag of emerald hue, emblazoned with its golden harp of seven strings, waved triumphantly above the stronghold of the O'Donel's yesterday for the first time in more than two hundred years. Under the protection of its ample folds an aged man sat by St. Lawrence gate, piping sweet Irish melodies and extending cordial welcome to strangers in Donegal town. Beneath it the far-famed industries of the emerald isle flourished as in the olden time. Pretty Irish girls carded and spun light, flaky

RUINS OF DONEGAL CASTLE.

wool into yarn, and brawny Irish lads wove it into cloth. Others deftly worked their skillful fingers making strong Irish linen thread into beautiful kells and laces. While these scenes were being enacted in the cottages of the villagers the banquet hall of Donegal castle was



ANCIENT HOMESPUN LOOM.

resounding with eloquent tributes of words to Ireland and her heroes of the past and present.

Irishmen were celebrating the formal opening of Mrs. Ernest Hart's Irish industrial village in Midway plaisance. They were not all Irish who joined in the happy event. Hundreds of other men who have been touched by Ireland's former greatness and by her present sorrows thronged the gateways of the village to join in the celebration and applaud the sentiments of the speakers.

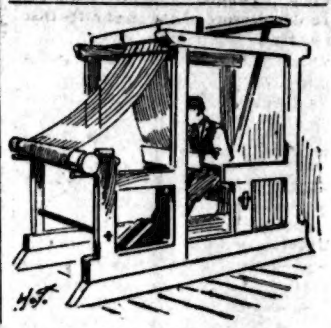
In accordance with the desire of Archbishop Feehan, the emerald banner was flung to the breeze and St. Lawrence gates opened wide at 4 o'clock yester-

WORKSHOP OF THE VILLAGE SMITH.

afternoon. Contrary to his expressed wish to be present at the ceremonies, the archbishop was detained at the last minute by unexpected ecclesiastical duties. He was represented and his part taken by Chancellor Muldoon.

GAELIC ATHLETES ACT AS ESCORT.

The chancellor, accompanied by several Irish citizens and an escort from the Gaelic Athletic Association, took a special train on the elevated road at Congress street, arriving at Sixty-third street and Stony Island avenue about 3:30 o'clock. Two carriages were in waiting there for their reception. One was taken by Chancellor Muldoon and Commissioners O'Connell and Kelly, the



THE LOOM FOR LINEN WEAVING.

other by John F. Finerty, Matthew P. Brady and Alexander Sullivan. J. S. Hyland, R. W. Wolfe, Frank J. Ryan and Cornelius O'Donnell, composing a committee in charge of arrangements, formed the Gaelic Athletic Association escort in front of the carriages, and the party proceeded to the grounds. The escort was made up of 100 men selected from the Emmet, Innisfail, Davitt, Grattan, Finerty, O'Connell, Shamrock, Brian Boru, Wolf Tone and O'Brien clubs of the association. The men, dressed in the uniforms of the association and carrying their silken banners, made an impressive scene. Arriving at the village, they marched by twos through the St. Lawrence gate around the court, then formed a line, with the Emmet club at the front, alongside the carriage of the chancellor, which was stopped before the weavers' cottage. Here Mrs. Hart met and shook hands with her guests, and after a short delay all entered the banquet hall, where the ceremonies were conducted.

DECORATIONS OF IRISH SKILL.

The hall, in view of the manager's inability to get the portraits and paintings through the custom-house in time for the opening, was decorated with products of Irish skill. Beautiful laces and embroideries, interspersed with specimens of artistic wood carvings, were

SPINNING IN THE IRISH VILLAGE.

hung along the walls. At the north end a platform had been constructed for the speakers. Above and on either side of the platform were two large flags, one the emerald and gold, representing Ireland's hope on native soil, the other the stars and stripes, her liberty in this land.

Chancellor Muldoon was given the seat of honor upon the platform and filled the office of master of ceremonies. Besides him sat Mrs. Hart. Others seated along the platform were Postmaster Sexton and his assistant, H. H. Thomas; Alexander Sullivan, Attorney General Moloney, John F. Finerty, Commissioners Kelly and O'Connell, Fathers Carroll and Glennon, Father Murphy, of Providence, R.I.; Walter J. Gibbons, Walter Polland and William Houlihan.

President Higinbotham walked over to Midway from the administration building and attempted to get into the banquet hall unperceived. He was recognized, however, and after receiving a hearty cheer from the audience was conducted to a seat upon the platform. Father Muldoon opened the exercises with a brief address. He delivered the regrets of Archbishop Feehan at the latter's inability the grace the opening by his presence and explained that unavoidable duties prevented. Then he deftly touched upon the work done by Mrs. Hart, and closed by introducing John F. Finerty.

Mr. Finerty, by his expression of Irish sentiment and by his portrayal of Ireland's wrongs, together with her wonderful possibilities, elicited ringing applause time and again throughout his address. He regretted that Ireland, as a nation, could not exhibit her industries in Manufacturer's Hall along side of others free and great.

"If Ireland were in a condition equal to the others," said he, "she would equal any, but the decay of Irish industry began when the Irish parliament was destroyed and the first deadly blow was struck in the reign of William III. Previous to that her mills were running, her people prospered and her manufacturers flourished. Now she has sunk to a condition comparable only with unhappy Poland among the nations of the earth. She has forgotten her arts, and it has remained for noble, self-sacrificing women to teach her people how to thrive and to exhibit her products in the way we see them exhibited today. We have no national display, no gigantic machinery, no mysterious electrical apparatus, but here in Donegal town we have the dining hall of Hugh O'Donnell, famous in Ireland's former military glory. We see here the fruits of re-created industries, from which we catch a gleam of hope that some day our people, defeated for seven centuries, but who have never abandoned principles may yet be a nation self-reliant and free.

MUSIC, SPEECHES, AND BANQUET.

At the conclusion of Mr. Finerty's address John J. Phelan, of the Jesuit church choir, sang an Irish war song, Prof. Moore accompanying him on the piano.

President Higinbotham then congratulated the Irish people on their fine exhibit.

Mrs. Hart explained her ten years' work and the object of the Midway village. Postmaster Sexton made a short address, at the conclusion of which Miss Braddock, of the Jesuit church choir, sang "The Last Rose of Summer." An effort was made to have Alexander Sullivan address the assembly, but he courteously declined, and the ceremonies ended with Miss Braddock's song.

At the close of the exercises Mrs. Hart held an informal reception and gave a luncheon to her invited guests in the embroidery cottage.

TRANSLATION

From the Gaelic of An Chraoibhin Aoibhinn

The following is a translation of An Chraoibhin Aoibhinn's Gaelic poem which appeared in a recent issue of THE CITIZEN. The translation is from the pen of a Waterford man, resident in New York, and the manner in which he has preserved the rhythm of the original in so closely literal a poem, shows him to be not only a Gaelic scholar but a poet of no ordinary ability:

TO MICHAEL CAVANAGH.

On receiving from him a copy of his estimable book, "The Life of Thomas Francis Meagher."

Heartfelt thanks! friend of mine,
Take for this gift of thine,
Sent me across the brine—
O'er the rough sea:
Penned by a loving hand,
Exiled from Erin's strand,
Coming from "Freedom's Land"—
Prized 'tis by me.

Oft I've their deeds been told—
Champions of Erin old—
Cavanagh's true and bold—
Great was their fame.
Blood from their kindred's veins—
Pouring like summer rains,
Crimsoned Columbia's plains—
Blazoned their name.

Many kind deeds wrought he—
Shrining friends' memory—
Who—striving *Erie* to free—
Died on the way.
O'er many lyrics sung
In our dear Gaelic tongue,
Sweet foreign wreaths he hung—
Graceful and gay.

Now, see the work he's done—
His "Life"—dear Freedom's Son,
"Meagher"—who glory won—
Ne'er to grow dim.
Soldier or Tribune—he
Led men to victory;
Children of Liberty—
We'll follow him!

PORT-LAIRGE.

THE SO-CALLED "AMERICA."

[*To the Editor.*]

CHICAGO, May 31.—Your correspondent "P. C." hits the nail on the head when he objects to the singing of the so-called "America" at all American festivals, and particularly at Irish-American gatherings, owing to its adoption of the music of the national anthem of England. The motto of THE CITIZEN, "Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America," cannot be impressed too forcibly, or too frequently, on the minds of the American people, because the Anglophobian element in our midst, never miss an opportunity, and take advantage of it on every occasion, to make us believe that we owe our greatness to them—the Anglo-Saxons.

Samuel Francis Smith, a Baptist preacher of New England (he is still living) wrote the hymn "My Country 'Tis of Thee." He succeeded, after laborious efforts, in making it rhyme with "God Save the Queen," his Puritanical fervor was so great that he thought it just the thing; but its candidacy for the place of national song is ridiculous by the fact (which he forgot) that it is set to the tune of England's national hymn. Then, too, why should we stultify ourselves? Why should we ask several millions of our citizens to sing "Land Where My Fathers Died" when they left their fathers' homes in various parts of Europe? Or how expect much accent on "Land of the Pilgrims' Pride" from the throats of more than two-thirds of the American people, who take no pride in the so-called Pilgrims or sacrosanct Puritans?

TULLAMORE.

TOM MOORE HONORED.

A Good Sized and Representative Meeting at Central Music Hall Celebrates the 114th Anniversary of the Poet's Birth.

Magnificently Patriotic Address By Archbishop Feehan—Mr. Finerty's Remarks—A Festival of Music and Song.

[CONTINUED FROM THE FIRST PAGE.]

erty; that harp has been heard in every land on which the sun shines; in every country in which the Irishman has a home. The words of Thomas Davis will never be forgotten. He who said to his countrymen, not to despair, but to rely upon themselves, that they had within them the genius, the reserve power—everything to build them up as a great and glorious nation, and his associates, Barry, Mangan, O'Hagan, Darcy Magee and the rest, some of whom remained true to their principles, and some of whom did not, but whether they remained true or otherwise, their songs were the soul that went forth from them, and whatever errors the body might commit, those songs are a part of the immortal spirit of Irish nationality. They belong not to venal men; they belong to the cause of Ireland; they belong to liberty; they were called forth from the mortal part and made immortal, because whatever God spoke in their hearts they uttered in their stainless days freely and fearlessly, and expressed in those beautiful and undying songs. One of the greatest of these later Irish poets, a man whose name we will ever remember for his genius, although we are sorry for the cloud that encircled the close to his life and regret his tragic end, wrote on the occasion of the 87th anniversary of the birth of our poet, words that I will repeat to you tonight as a close of what I have to say—the words of Thomas Darcy McGee, words that are as true as any words that could be written by one man of genius of another. Referring to Moore's celebrated lyrical apology to the Irish people, McGee wrote:

"Oh Blame not the Bard" was the prayer he put forth
To the age and the nation he wished to adorn,
Well he knew that man's life is a warfare on earth
And that peace only comes to the dust in the urn.

Yet who that has paused o'er his magical page
Can couple the bard, e'en in fancy, with blame?
The delight of our youth, and our solace in age—
In the bright roll of song the pre-eminent name!

Who can think of the thoughts as in torrents they rolled
From the spring of his soul, and forget how at first
We learned to repeat them from lips that are cold
Or caught them upheaving from hearts that are dust?

He erred. Is that more that to say he was human?
Yet how nobly he paid for the errors of youth!
Who has taught as he taught, man's fealty to woman—
Who has left us such texts of love, freedom and truth?

Blame the Bard? Let the cynic, who never relented,
Dwell alone on the page that is blurr'd by a stain,
Forgetting how deeply, and long, he repented—
Forgetting his purer, and holier, strain.

For us—while an echo remains on life's mountain—
While the Isle of our youth 'mid her seas shall endure,
We must pray, as we stoop to drink at fountain
Of song, for the soul of the builder—TOM MOORE!

(Continued applause.)

The other numbers were the "Minstrel Boy," Mr. John J. Wynne; Harp Solo, "Kathleen Mavourneen," Mrs. Clara Murray; Dowling's "Fontenoy," by Mr. John Lane O'Connor. "The Bard's Legacy" (Gaelic version), by Mr. James M. Corrigan, who did so excellently well that he received a ringing encore, and acknowledged it by singing "The Minstrel Boy" in Gaelic also; Quartette, "Love's Young Dream," Messrs. Murphy and Wynne, Mrs. Wells and Miss Alice Coffey. The entertainment closed with "The Boys of Wexford," rendered by Mr. Murphy, who could have sung until morning without risk of tiring his audience. Mrs. Murphy, a stately and handsome young lady, with splendid oriental eyes, accompanied her gifted husband, while Mr. Middelschulte accompanied the other artists.

The Moore Memorial Committee, through its treasurer, Mr. Curtis, desires to return special thanks to the following firms for their patronage of the programme, at the request of Mr. Finerty: Gore's Fireproof Hotel, Lyon & Healy, John Naghten & Co., Charles McDonald & Co., P. F. Ryan & Co., W. W. Kimball Co., Conrad Seipp Brewing Co., Fortune Bros. Brewing Co., Cooke Brewing Co., Hibernian Banking Association, McAvoy Brewing Co., Keeley Brewing Co., H. R. Eagle & Co., Kinsella Glass Co., Steger & Co., Chicago Musical College, and Shourds & Kasper.

Trusts and combinations are unpopular. But there is one form of trust against which no one has anything to say. That is the trust the public reposes in Hood's Sarsaparilla—because they know HOOD'S CURES.

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CALLS GLADSTONE A SELFISH MAN.

NEW YORK, May 27.—John C. New, consul-general to London under the Harrison administration, arrived on the Paris today with his family and is at the Gilsey House. His family will leave for Indianapolis tomorrow. Mr. New will remain in town most of the week. He will take a flying trip to Baltimore and Washington meanwhile. The reporter asked General New for his opinion of Mr. Gladstone as a statesman and the prospects for Home Rule for Ireland. "On those questions I will be just as frank as I can be," replied Mr. New, "and I tell you that outside the lower half(?) of Ireland and one or two districts in Liverpool and an odd district scattered here and there in other parts of England, nobody cares a copper for Home Rule. Gladstone himself is a selfish and vain statesman. The Home Rule issue was a stepping stone to satisfy his ambition for a return to the premiership. Gladstone has a majority of about forty in the house of commons for the Home Rule bill, but it can never pass the house of lords, and therefore Gladstone and his followers remind me of the French king who marched up hill with his army only to march down again. I repeat to you, that Gladstone was ambitious more for the premiership than for Home Rule in Ireland. I repeat to you, that he is a selfish and vain statesman. His ambition has been satisfied now, and he knows that there is no more chance for Home Rule in Ireland than if he had never been born."

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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LITERARY.

New England Magazine.

The *New England Magazine* for June opens with an interesting paper dealing with the men and times of "The Boston Tea Party." It is fully illustrated with reproductions of old and scarce engravings of the period and is written by Francis E. Abbot. Price Collier gives the history of "The Old Meeting House in Hingham, Mass.," the first church organized in America. The article is finely illustrated by M. Lamont Brown. Katharine Lee Bates contributes a long poem on "The Funeral of Phillips Brooks." Charlotte Forten Grimke gives a pleasant chapter of her "Personal Recollections of the poet Whittier." Ralph Adams Cram writes a fine sonnet, "Dante in Exile." John Albee, the author of "Prose Idyls," contributes a sketch, "A Mountain Maid." There is an instalment of Benjamin Penhallow Shillaber's autobiography, "Experience During Many Years." Charles Frederick Danforth writes a paper on "Trout Fishing in New England," which is seasonable at this time, and is filled with useful information for the lovers of the fly and rod. It is illustrated by J. H. Hatfield and H. Martin Beal. Richard Burton has some pretty lines, "From A City Window." Albert Hardy tells of the delights of June in delicate verse, "June's Noonday." Prof. Julius E. Olson, of the University of Wisconsin, contributes an able and judicial account of "Norway's Struggle for Political Liberty." Mrs. Helen Campbell's serial, "John Ballantyne, American," is continued. Edith M. Thomas is represented by a strong poem called "The Fugitive," based upon Heine's line, "I Shall Return to God." Edith Mary Norris, the poet and storywriter, conducts a department of Household Science and Art, of interest to the lady readers of the *Magazine*.

The New Peterson.

A Symposium of Western Authors is the name for the June *New Peterson*. Many of the best known writers from Chicago to the Pacific Coast are represented, together with the most promising new poets, romancers and essayists. Joseph Kirkland, Joaquin Miller, Gertrude Atherton, Mary Abbott, Opie Read, Stanley Waterloo, Ernest McGaffey, Le Roy Armstrong, Harriet Monroe, Carrie B. Morgan, Patience Stapleton, and other popular authors have a place. "Pacific Coast Writers," with their portraits, by Ella Higginson, makes one of the attractions. Another illustrated which cannot fail to attract great attention is "The Forest's Last Stronghold," by Hon. F. I. Vassault, a vivid account of the lumbering camps of Washington. "The Garden Spot of Washington," by Herbert Beshford, and "Ted Blank," by Effie W. Merriman, both sketches beautifully illustrated, count among the gems of the number. "Cloudland," by John Vance Cheney, is, beyond question, one of the finest of his poems. "A Shelf Full of Western Books" is Octave Thanet's welcome contribution. We heartily recommend to our readers this enterprising periodical, which has so quickly established its claim to take a front rank among American magazines.

Worthington's Magazine.

With the June number *Worthington's Illustrated Magazine* completes its first volume under the most favorable auspices. Its Table of Contents, printed with this number, shows a remarkable variety of timely topics most of which will be of more than temporary value, and the names of contributors are such as would do credit to any magazine ten times its age. Among these are Mary A. Livermore, Edgar Fawcett, Hon. S. G. W. Benjamin, Prof. G. Frederick Wright, Rev. George M. Stone, D. D.; Lilian Whiting, Helen Campbell, Mrs. Jean Porter Rudd, Clinton Scollard, Rev. Francis E. Clark, D. D., president of the Society of Christian Endeavor; Richard Burton, William Francis Barnard, Charlotte Perkins Stetson, Eben E. Rexford, Lida A. Churchill, Robert Beverly Hale, Sara A. Underwood, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Charlotte M. Holloway, D. B. Waggener, Martha McCulloch Williams, Mary Bradley, Spencer Leigh Hughes, Arthur Dudley Vinton, James Buckham, Imogen Clark, Kate Milner Rabb, Jean La Rue Burnett, Hester M. Poole, Alice W. Rollins, with many other names of gifted and popular authors. It has been enlarged by sixteen pages, and shows steady advancement in everything that helps to make up an exceptionally bright, attractive, very entertaining and instructive magazine. Indeed, in genuine interest no other magazine excels this ever welcome visitor to our table.

Gladstone as a Reader.

Between the afternoon tea and dinner the statesman usually retires again, and gets through some of the lighter and more agreeable of his intellectual tasks. He reads rapidly, and I think I should say that, especially of late years, he does a good deal of skipping. If a book does not interest him, he does not trouble to read it through. He uses a rough kind of *memoria technica* to enable him to mark passages with which he agrees, from which he dissents, which he desires to qualify, or which he reserves for future reference. I should say the books he reads most of are those dealing with theology, always the first and favorite topic, and the history of Ireland before and after the Act of Union. Indeed, everything dealing with that memorable period is greatly treasured. I remember one hasty glance over Mr. Gladstone's book table in his town house. In addition to the liberal weekly, *The Speaker*, and a few political pamphlets, there were, I should say, fifteen or twenty works on theology, none of them, as far as I could see, of first rate importance. Of science Mr. Gladstone knows little, and it cannot be said that his interest in it is keen. He belongs, in a word, to the old-fashioned Oxford ecclesiastical school, using the controversial weapons which are to be found in the works of Pusey and of Hurrell Froude. In his reading, when a question of more minute and out-of-the-way scholarship arises, he appeals to his constant friend and assistant, Lord Acton, to whose profound learning he bows with a deference which is very touching to note.—*From "A Day With Gladstone," in McClure's Magazine for June.*

Jenness Miller Illustrated Monthly.

The June issue of the *Jenness Miller Illustrated Monthly* (927 Broadway, New York) is replete with entertaining features. There is an endless amount of good reading for both men and women. One of the most interesting articles describes a visit to Sir Frederick Leighton. There are stories, poems, fashions and articles describing dainty work for women in summer. Ten cents a copy, $1.00 a year, with premium.

Although it is not claimed that Ayer's Sarsaparilla cures every ill to which flesh is heir, yet, as a matter of fact, it comes nearer doing this than any other medicine ever compounded. In purifying the blood, it removes the source of nearly all disorders of the human system.

A Chance to Make Money.

I have berries, grapes and peaches, a year old, fresh as when picked. I use "Hood's improved process"; do not heat or seal the fruit, just put it up cold. Keeps perfectly fresh and costs almost nothing; can put up a bushel in ten minutes. Last week I sold directions to over one hundred families. Anyone will pay a dollar for directions when they see the beautiful fruit samples. Fall and winter are the best time to sell directions, so people can experiment and be ready for next fruit season. As there are many poor people like myself I consider it my duty to give my experience to such, and feel confident anyone can make one or two hundred dollars, round home, in a few days. I will mail sample of fruit and complete directions, to any of your readers, for 19 two cents stamps, which is only the actual cost of the sample, postage, etc., to me. Mrs. W. M. Griffith, New Concord, Ohio.

Full of Peril

Are those disorders which, beginning with an apparently trivial inactivity of the kidneys or bladder, terminates in Bright's disease, diabetes and cystitis. The first two not only interrupt the functions of the renal organs, but destroy their structure with as much certainty as tubercular consumption does that of the lungs. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is an excellent diuretic, promoting the activity of these organs without over exciting them, thus averting the deadly maladies in which their inaction is so prone to culminate. The removal from the blood of impurities which the kidneys should, but do not, when inactive, secrete, is another beneficent effect of this incomparable medicated stimulant and depurent. The Bitters is, in all cases, too, a fine restorative of vigor and aid to digestion, remedies malarial disease, and banishes liver complaint and constipation.

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THE GINGHAM UMBRELLA.

Away in one corner of grandmother's hall
A gingham umbrella hangs on the wall.
Its ribs are all broken and covered with dust;
Its frame is quite battered and tarnished with rust.
'Tis a gingham umbrella, a time worn umbrella,
That dear old umbrella that hangs on the wall.

How oft have I gazed on this relic of time,
As fond remembrance clings to my mind,
When a curly head boy, near my grandmother's side,
In the folds of the umbrella my face I would hide.
In that gingham umbrella, that time worn umbrella,
That dear old umbrella that hangs in the hall.

In rain and in sunshine, in tempest or storm,
This gingham umbrella would shelter my form.
When loaned to a friend—now this is a fact—
'Tis strange, but true, it would always come back:
That gingham umbrella, that time worn umbrella,
That dear old umbrella that hangs in the hall.

But Time, the destroyer of all things that exist,
The gingham umbrella this law can't resist,
Its form will soon crumble with the dust of the past,
Yet its memory will live for ages that last;
That gingham umbrella, that time worn umbrella,
That dear old umbrella that hangs in the hall.
—H. C. Frost in New Orleans Picayune.

A PAYING PATIENT.

Dr. Struthers wanted patients. He could not get them because, firstly, the ink on his medical diploma was not yet dry, and secondly, because he could not raise a beard. He was sitting idle in his office chair endeavoring to conjure up some means of increasing his income. He thought of starting a medical institute and of inventing a patent medicine, but he had no capital. To remove to a smaller town was retrograding, and he dismissed it angrily from his mind.

Two patients were the extent of his practice. One of them would die soon, and the other was nearly well. The income from them was hardly sufficient to pay his rent. The last two letters from his father, inclosing much needed checks, had been very curt. One of them had said, "It seems you are old enough now to have an income of your own."

In fact, young Dr. Struthers was at his wits' end. He was not the man to worry over anything, however. There would be a way out, he was sure of that. He lighted a cigar, puffed at it a time, walked over to the mirror and looked at himself.

"I'm not bad looking. I'm dressed well enough. But I'm so deuced young they won't put any confidence in me. I have half a mind to go to my friend Soutley of the Academy company—have him make me up—put some lines in my face, so I would look about 35. Then I'd require a brass buttoned negro lackey to receive the patients. If I could only capture one millionaire dyspeptic, one overworked capitalist and one aged dowager with the heart disease—um—um—I'd risk the rest.

"Well, there's nothing to do but to wait for them," he said, sitting down again. "I sometimes feel like hiring a canvasser to solicit patients. 'A handsome, capable young doctor; careful attention given to gout and dyspepsia, mild medicines used.' That doesn't sound badly. Humph! Medical dignity prevents it, though. I must sit here patiently and trust to that little nickel plated sign to do the rest."

At that moment a carriage drove up in front of the house. The footman alighted and opened the door for a handsome young woman to step down upon the stones. She gave the footman a signal, he climbed upon the box, and the carriage wheeled about and drove away.

She rang the bell and called for Dr. Struthers. The doctor heard her call, and it gave him time to make a pass at his hair with a brush, to tidy up his clothes a bit and to mutter:

"Here's a patient at last—I hope."

"Are you Dr. Struthers?" she asked, standing in the doorway, a picture of loveliness and stylish clothes.

"Yes, I am. Will you come in and be seated?"

She sat down listlessly in the chair provided for her, uttering a despairing little cry as she did so.

Dr. Struthers mustered all of his dignity, self possession and wisdom. As he looked at her for a moment before she spoke he wondered if she could be ill at all, she was apparently so rosy cheeked and healthy.

"You see, doctor," she said, "heart disease is hereditary in the Tyler family, and—and I've got it." This with another despairing little sigh.

Heart disease? Fortunes had been made out of heart disease. The doctor took hope.

"Yes," he said slowly, waiting for her to go on.

"You see, Skuyler said it was all my imagination," she continued between gasps for breath.

"They said I thought I had it when I hadn't it." There was the suggestion of a pout on her pretty lips.

"Very presuming of them, I am sure," interposed Struthers.

She liked him for his sympathy, and she became more confidential.

"I know I have it. Why, when I go up stairs it beats so fast, and I can't get my breath, just the way poor, dear mamma said her own did." She reached for her handkerchief and wiped away two small tears with it. "Papa—I beg your pardon for not telling you before—papa is Mr. Cortland Tyler—papa says it's all nonsense just because Dr. Skuyler says so. If Dr. Skuyler told papa he was going to die tomorrow, papa would believe it, he's such a goose." She stopped and blushed, astonished at herself. "Oh! I didn't mean to say that, but I'm sure I've got the heart disease, so I came to a new doctor who would know that I had it."

"If you will please let me examine, I shall be able to tell you in a moment," the young physician said eagely. He moved his chair over to her side and bent his head down so that his ear would be directly over the heart of his beautiful patient. A little thrill passed through Miss Tyler's heart and made it beat faster as she felt his head touch her coat and looked down upon his handsome stock of light hair. A young doctor was much nicer than an old one, she thought.

He listened to the pitpats for a moment and found that the beats were perfectly regular, but were faster than normal.

When he raised his head, Dr. Struthers looked serious and a little alarmed.

"What is the matter? Tell me! Don't keep me in suspense!"

"I trust you are a brave woman"——

"I knew it! I knew it!" she cried.

"You have a very serious heart trouble," he continued gravely. "If you have patience, courage and will follow my instructions, you can be cured."

"Do you think so, doctor?" There were tears and an appeal in her eyes.

"Yes."

"Tell me what I shall do. I'll do just as you say. I—I don't want to die."

"I'll not let you," he said encouragingly, reaching over to his table for a prescription blank.

There was nothing organically the matter with Miss Tyler's heart. It undoubtedly did palpitate rapidly at times when Miss Tyler took overexercise. But this was due to poor digestion caused by overeating—sorry but true accusation against so pretty a woman—and ennui and lack of regular occupation.

The doctor wrote out some hieroglyphics on his blank, which interpreted meant plain pepsin compounded with some ingredient which made it good to take.

"Now, if you will take this to your druggist, Miss Tyler, and follow directions on the label."

"Yes. And what am I to do to show that I am courageous?" she asked anxiously.

"I would like you to get a pair of dumbbells."

"But that would make my heart beat, doctor."

"Use them very moderately each day, increasing as you find you can. Also diet yourself."

"And, Dr. Struthers, you don't think that—that"—she said as she arose to go, looking into his eyes appealingly.

"Be cheerful, do not get downhearted. Come and see me every day. I am sure I can cure you. I am also very glad that you came so soon. Delay would have been dangerous."

"Do you know I think young doctors"—she was standing by the door with her hand on the knob by this time—"are better than old doctors. They are just through studying, and they are better informed about—about hearts. I am going to send a lot of our 'set' to you."

When she realized what she had said, she blushed.

The doctor felt like playing leap frog over the table, he was so excited, for he was as young as he looked in many respects. He contained himself notwithstanding and bowed her out very gravely.

After she had gone he threw himself in a chair, clapped his hands upon his knees loudly and repeatedly and gave vent to a low whistle to express his delight.

"At last! At last!" he muttered.

Then he ran to the window, and as he watched the receding carriage passing along toward Fifth avenue he cried out:

"Goodby, thou angel of mercy, of grace—you're my savior. You'll send your 'set' to me—and I'll take care of your dyspeptic dowagers and your gouty millionaires. Jove, I'm as good as in a paying practice already. Six months from now I'll bring pater down to the city and take him out to ride in the park."

Extremes meet. The smoker tugs viciously at many cigars both when in trouble or desperation and when in good prospects or joy. Dr. Struthers made a furnace of himself that afternoon. He thought of his fair patient and contemplated a more luxurious office nearer Fifth avenue, because he had nothing better to do.

Now, Mr. Cortland Tyler was an uncommonly practical and shrewd man in his business affairs and a sentimental and devoted man in his private affairs. He worshiped his daughter Clara as any wealthy descendant of the good old Dutchmen of Sir Peter Stuyvesant's time would a beautiful and affectionate girl who was his only kin. But Mr. Cortland Tyler had very little nonsense about him even in his private life, and when poor old Dr. Skuyler told him that his daughter's heart disease was imagination he was inclined to believe it.

As to the new doctor, Struthers, Mr. Tyler disapproved of him and at first forbade her to go to see him again. Miss Clara knew her father pretty well (that was why she had so many luxuries and knickknacks), and she suggested that possibly Dr. Skuyler was not infallible, although an excellent physician, she admitted, and that perhaps if she did have heart disease the new physician might be the means of saving her life. Her father was powerless against such arguments as these. The thought of his daughter having heart disease and leaving him as his devoted wife had done made him shudder. When he discovered that after two weeks of Dr. Struthers' treatment Clara was certainly none the worse off and apparently better, he was quite won over.

Miss Tyler did send some of her "set" to the handsome and learned young doctor with good results. Dr. Struthers' practice began to be a practice. Colonel Torrence, whose gout had been going on for years from bad to worse, for the first time admitted there was improvement. Mrs. Arthurs looked at the young man sharply through her lorgnette and confessed openly that, although she detested dieting, she had not been so comfortable for years.

Prosperity, however, had not brought peace of mind to Dr. Struthers. His new cases were not worrying him or puzzling his medical resources except one particular case—the first one, the author of his good financial fortune—and that was an affair of the heart. It was at the end of the fifth week of his treatment of his fair patient that he stood, his hands in his pockets, looking into his mirror. The doctor had a way of looking into his mirror when he wished to be perfectly frank and honest with himself. Perhaps he was a little vain.

The doctor had to face a fact this morning—namely, he was deeply in love with Miss Tyler. He had sense enough to know that, although he was of a good New England family from a good New England town, he could scarcely presume to an alliance with a Tyler of New York for years and years. Besides, he had only met the young woman professionally, and he was assured by the confidence she placed in him that she regarded him highly in that light.

"But, but"—he looked at himself closely in the glass to see whether he was really a fraud or not—"I have deceived her. There is really no organic trouble with her heart. I am curing her of the palpitations, and in that sense I am earning my pay. As to the others of her 'set,' they are all convalescing through the use of plain medical sense. I am sure I'm not half so much of a fraud as that venerable old Dr. Skuyler, who charges $10 a consultation for hoodwinking his patients."

Dr. Struthers was an impulsive man, and his impulses were often good ones. He had made up his mind that he had not been treating Miss Tyler justly, and having reached this conclusion he proceeded to right matters so much as he could.

"There's but one thing to do, and that is to write to her," he said. "That I will do, telling her that if she continues the present prescription she will soon be well, and that she need see me only occasionally—yes, I can't forbear occasionally. Then if she really thought I was—well, was proper form—she would invite me to call. If she only would!" The doctor ran his hands deeply into his pockets and looked ravenously at the figure in the carpet in contemplation of that joyful state of affairs. He seized a pen and started at least five different notes, taking four times five minutes before he reached anything like the expressions he wished to use.

The note completed at last, so that it partly suited him, was borne quickly (this is romance and not realism!) to the residence of Mr. Cortland Tyler, where a maid carried it up to the room of Miss Tyler, who was the only representative of the family at home. This young woman was lying on her couch thinking—thinking of Dr. Struthers. She had greatly enjoyed her morning calls, and her heart itself sincerely trusted that it would not mend too rapidly.

To come to the point at once, she was in love with him. The servant handed Miss Clara the note just at the moment she was wondering if it were possible he could care anything for her. She opened the note, read it and gave a little scream.

To this day it is a question whether or not Miss Tyler actually fainted. It is certain that she came very near it. It is also certain that had not Mr. Tyler arrived at that moment the befuddled servant would have been as liable to have rushed into the street and cried "Fire!" as to have done anything else. As it was, Mr. Tyler was very much frightened when he saw his daughter gasping for breath. By the time he had recovered from his astonishment sufficiently to begin to consider whether to send for Dr. Struthers or Dr. Skuyler, her woman's diplomacy and intuition had returned sufficiently for her to say:

"Don't be frightened, father. It's not so bad as it formerly was. I—I didn't want you to know it."

That settled it. Mr. Tyler at once jumped into his carriage and drove as fast as he could to Dr. Struthers' office, where the young physician had been indulging in the pastime of calling himself an ass ever since one moment after he had placed the note in the messenger boy's hands. On learning what Mr. Tyler had to say, he seized his medicine case and hat, jumped into his overcoat and was in the carriage at the millionaire's side in a moment.

He asked a few questions of Mr. Tyler, which were answered to the extent of Mr. Tyler's knowledge, and to which he said "Yes," quietly, as if he had expected it and perfectly understood the situation. The old gentleman liked that "yes" so well that he asked whether his daughter was dangerously ill or not in a tone that plainly showed he considered the answer was to mean life or death for her. The doctor told him that there was no danger, and without doubt she would be entirely recovered within three months.

"I thank you, sir," said the father in a trembling voice.

When they arrived at the house, Mr. Tyler sat down before the grate and tried to read the evening paper and made a failure of it, while Dr. Struthers was shown up stairs to see the patient by the servant, who had resumed the normal state of her indifference and the turn up of her nose.

The physician prescribed, and then somehow or other he came to take both of her hands within his own and to look into her eyes intently while he said:

"Yes, yes. Of course I came. I think the world of you."

"And I of you."

Hope sprang in the young doctor's breast.

"May I—may I some day"— He stumbled a little, but she helped him out with:

"Yes."

There was silence for a moment.

"Doctor, don't you think my heart is nearly well?"

"I hope it hasn't had a setback today, dear. But your father?" His countenance darkened.

"I'll attend to him. When I am cured, as you saved my life, he should be willing to give me over to my rescuer."—New York Press.

Foreign Intelligence.

Hostetter McGinnis and Gus de Smith were talking in a Harlem restaurant.

"How about the war in Europe?" asked Gus.

"The situation is very alarming, although just now everything is in statu quo," replied Hostetter.

One of the most intelligent citizens of Harlem, who happened to be present, got up from an adjoining table, and approaching McGinnis asked:

"Would you be kind enough to tell me where that state is?"

"What state?"

"Statu quo, I believe you called it."

"It is in foreign parts, sir."

"Thanks; much obliged."—Texas Siftings.

GOOD AS GOLD.

BUTTER, CHEESE AND EGGS ARE SECURITY AT THE BANKS.

Cold Storage Has Made It Possible to Borrow Money on These Naturally Perishable Articles—This Fact Is Said to Facilitate Trade to Everybody's Benefit.

Money can be borrowed on butter, eggs, cheese, chickens and farm products of all the kinds that will keep as easily as on diamonds and watches. Not only is this so, but there is a great deal more money loaned on ordinary farm products than in all the pawnshops in New York. This is a business which is growing every year, and which has now assumed such an enormous proportion that it makes up a large part of the discount line of several banks.

Cold storage and development of the storage warehouse business in New York have made this possible. Most of these warehouses, especially the storage warehouses, are to the banks what the pawnbroker's safe is to him, only the banks act through some one else, while the pawnbroker owns the warehouse and the capital both. Until recently it was not possible to keep long in good condition dairy products, eggs and many small fruits; they would spoil if not used within a few days after they were placed on the market. The cows and the chickens do not adjust themselves to the demand of the public, which requires in the winter an extra amount of butter and as many eggs as in the summer. As cold weather comes on the efforts of the cows and chickens are largely directed to keeping themselves warm, with the result that their contributions to the public food supply are diminished.

In the summers before cold storage warehouses existed the farmers had to send their milk, butter and eggs to the market at once, so that they would be sold before they spoiled, with the result that the prices fell to such a low point that at times the shipments to the commission merchant did not realize enough to pay the freight. There is a minimum price below which it would not pay the railroads to transport and commission dealers and retailers to handle farm products, and that price the consuming public must pay for their benefit, no matter how plentiful the supply is. So in the summer the farmers made little money, and the New York public got only a small part of the benefit. In the winter the supply was so much less that while the public had to pay high prices the farmers had not enough milk and eggs to sell to reap much benefit.

Then came the introduction of cold storage and the cold storage warehouse, which is so recent that the big men in the business are still young or middle aged, while the acceptance of butter and eggs as good collateral is so recent that young note dealers easily recall the first paper which came in with butter and eggs security.

The first effect of this innovation was to make a great deal of money for the men who had capital and relied on their own judgment and the possibilities of cold storage. They are rich men today, for they anticipated the future by two or three seasons. Some of the first men to take advantage of the cold storage business in this manner were produce commission dealers.

In the summer, when butter and eggs were low, they bought up all they could carry and pay for and put them into cold storage warehouses. In January and February they unloaded and made over 200 per cent profit. They made their purchases direct from the farmers who shipped to them and put the butter and eggs in the warehouses at once, so they came out almost as fresh as when they went in. The only reason they did not make more money was that they had insufficient capital, and the business of borrowing money on butter and eggs was in its beginning. Butter and eggs were not then regarded as good collateral.

The next year the men who had made the big profits the year before went to their banks and used their personal credit to secure the money to carry their purchases. More butter and eggs were carried over to the winter season that year than the season before. Though the total amount of profit was larger than that of the first year, the per cent of it was not so high. Their purchases stiffened the prices in the summer, and their unloading made a weaker butter and egg market in the winter.

It occurred to some of the storage warehouse men that there should be some way by which they could make a profit out of the business over their storage charges. They found it when they got the banks to accept storage warehouse receipts for butter and eggs as good collateral for loans. When this was accomplished, almost every produce man took to speculating on butter and eggs. The possibilities of the storage warehouse business developed to include chickens, game and meat of all kinds. When chickens were low, a wholesale man could afford to buy them in thousand lots and store them until the market quotations on them were higher.

The big creameries and butter factories were among the first to take advantage of this new state of things, demanding higher prices for their butter in the summer or storing their surplus product until winter. The farmers then profited by the facility with which the summer surplus could be disposed of, while the public for the first time had good butter at a low price in the winter and cheap eggs the year round, irrespective of the weather or the feelings of the cows and the hens.

Now the banks will receive storage certificates for collateral as readily as they would United States bonds when the application for a loan comes to them through men whom they know. Every month the value of the collateral increases, and about the only possibility of loss is an earthquake or a fire, and the cold storage warehouse is regarded as an excellent insurance risk. The owners can protect themselves by insurance.—New York Sun.

Bringing Bills In Parliament.

The time honored process of bringing in bills is thus described by the author of "A Diary of the Salisbury Parliament:"

The speaker, holding in his hand a long list of notices given the day before, calls the names of the members in succession. "Mr. Murphy!" calls the speaker. Mr. Murphy raises his hat, whereupon the speaker says, "The question is that leave be given to bring in a bill to"—and he reads a description of the bill of which Mr. Murphy has given notice.

"Who is prepared to bring in this bill?" asks the speaker. Then Mr. Murphy rises and reads out the names of members who indorse his bill, and the speaker goes on to the next on the list.

As the speaker approaches the end of the list members who are to bring in bills struggle for places at the bar of the house. The speaker calls on the member whose name heads the list. He makes his way through the throng at the bar and advances toward the clerk's table, holding a piece of folded foolscap in his hand.

This is understood to be the bill he is bringing in, but there is nothing within but a blank sheet, elaborately indorsed on the outside with the title. The text of the measure will be deposited in the bill office at some future convenient date.

The clerk, carefully concealing his knowledge of the fiction, respectfully takes charge of "the bill," recites its title—which is the first reading of the bill—and then asks, "Second reading?"

"Eighth of May," says the member. "Bill read second time 8th of May," says the clerk. "Read second time 8th of May," echoes the speaker, and the member disappears behind the speaker's chair, and so on through the hundred.

Forcing Early Spring Lambs.

The propagation of spring lambs is one of the most interesting responses to the fastidious palate of these later days. Early strawberries, forced peaches, young asparagus and spring chickens are as nothing compared to the involved processes that have produced spring lamb. This has come about only within the past 10 years and is the result of continuous and ingenious experiment. Before this time spring lamb could not be found in the market until the middle of March, nor easily accessible until the 1st of May. Spring lamb now comes garlanded with Christmas holly. Last year one solitary lambkin helped to celebrate Thanksgiving and was almost without price.

The annual Christmas yield of spring lambs in town is about 20. They are then eating distinctly precious, each lambkin selling for at least $15. In January they become more common, and in February a whole lamb can be bought for $6 or $7. The spring lamb is 2 months old when he is served at table. He has passed his brief life in a warm stall and is fed only on his mother's milk. He has had his little run for a constitutional on the clean floor, but exercise is discouraged that might make his flesh coarse or harden his muscles. He is kept as clean as a baby and is groomed like a Skye terrier. When his appointed hour is come, no sacrificial offering could be in finer condition, morally or physically. —Springfield Union.

The Condition of Liberia.

Liberia's independence was declared in 1847. The republic is peopled with liberated slaves from the United States and their descendants, natives of Africa who have had the advantage of 200 years' contact with civilization. These people are called Liberians. There being no manufactures in the country, everything must be imported. The exports are the natural products, to which may be added coffee, a very fine article being easily raised. The government offices are precisely like those of the United States. As the national treasury is empty, the currency is unfortunately worthless, so that English money is used as available on the steamers.

The feeling of liberty and freedom prevails so that it would be difficult for the people to come under monarchical rule, although that is only a question of time in the opinion of many. If the United States does not come to the protection of her daughter, England, Germany and France all stand ready to grasp the little republic. Whether this would be more favorable to the development of the country and the elevation of the people remains to be seen. It would certainly be the learning of many hard lessons by the nation.—Cor. Goldthwaite's Magazine.

Discoveries In the Last Thirty Years.

When the story of the nineteenth century is written, it will be found that it is chiefly in the last third that the most astonishing steps forward have been taken, the first portion showing rather the laying of foundations for progress than marked features of the thing itself.

It is not alone telephone and telegraph and electricity harnessed in a hundred forms to the use of man, but earth itself has joined with air and all subtle forces to yield, from hitherto unknown resources, a myriad aids to easier living.

Petroleum began it, and in the search for oil many another mystery disclosed itself. It was plain that earth held in hiding not only many a form of light, heat and color, but purifying agents, thus far known only to the working chemist, and first and chief among these came borax, till the beginning of the present generation rare and costly, and used only by blacksmiths in welding steel and occasionally in medicine.—Epicure.

The Effect of the Thermometer.

It was a very hot day, and grandpa made repeated visits to the piazza to note the state of the thermometer. Little Helen always trudged along with him and listened very attentively when grandpa explained to her about the thermometer. Late in the afternoon grandpa said, "Well, it has gone down; it is a shade cooler." A few moments later Helen said to grandma, "It's surprising, grandma, how cool it is since that fermometer went down."—Youth's Companion.

LAST OF A STRANGE PILGRIM BAND.

A Maine Woman In Jaffa Awaiting Christ's Second Coming.

An interesting story came to the surface at Friday's midweek meeting at the old Stone church. The Hon. George H. Ely related an incident of woman's faith that came under his notice during a recent trip through the Holy Land. In company with four or five tourists, Mr. Ely was seated on a piazza of a hotel in Jaffa when his attention was attracted to half a dozen boys playing in the street below. All but one of the boys had swarthy complexions characteristic of the country, and the one exception was light complexioned, with perfect Caucasian features.

"That boy," said one of the gentlemen, "looks to me as though he belonged to the streets of New York instead of Jaffa." Their interest in the little fellow was aroused to such an extent that they went down to inquire, and to their surprise he spoke a little English. He said he lived with his mother a short distance up the street, and the party, including Mr. Ely, walked up street and entered the woman's house, which proved to be a hovel of the worst kind. They addressed her in English, and she was beside herself with joy to hear her native tongue spoken, and to their utter astonishment she told them that her home is in Maine.

"Maine, my good woman! What in the world are you doing here?" asked one of the party.

The woman then explained that many years since a number of men and women in the Maine village she came from were carried away with the idea that the second coming of Christ was near at hand, and that when he does come he will first appear in Palestine. A colony scraped up all their savings of years, and with their families they emigrated to Jaffa to be on hand when Jesus appears.

"Do they all live here?" was asked.

"They did," she replied, "but some of them, discouraged and tired of waiting, went back to America, the rest died, and I am here all alone with my boy."

"And how do you support yourself?"

"By washing for strangers, and I have a hard time doing it. Some weeks all I can do is to keep from starvation."

One of the men told the woman that Jaffa was no place for her and advised her to go back to America with her boy, give him a good American education and bring him up as an American citizen, but the woman simply smiled at the suggestion.

Returning to the hotel, the gentlemen, all of whom were well to do, figured out the cost of sending the woman and her boy back to her native village in Maine, made up a purse and threw in enough for incidental expenses and spending money. This done, they offered her the money—and a good round sum it was—but she absolutely refused to touch a penny of it.

"This is quite a temptation," she said, "but I came here to await the second coming of Christ, and I intend to remain here until he comes, unless I die first."

That was her ultimatum, and no amount of argument could dissuade her from her course.—Cleveland World.

Tastes of Tobacco Users.

"One can almost tell what section of the country a man comes from," said a well known cigar man who has lived in Washington, last night, "by the kind of tobacco he uses, both chewing and smoking. Take westerners first. They want a very sweet plug tobacco and will have nothing else.

"Plain granulated American leaf is what they smoke. The middle states man—the individual from Illinois, Ohio and Indiana—will take nothing but fine cut in which the natural taste of the weed has been preserved.

"There, too, they are patterning after the epicures of the east and the north, and for their smoke they demand the fragrant aroma of Havana tobacco. If their purses will not allow such a luxury, plain American leaf is good enough. Then for the north.

"Of course both Boston and New York are cosmopolitan cities, where everything, from old Virginia dogtail in corncob pipes and the dudeens of Ireland to the finest imported cigars and cigarettes, are consumed by the thousands of pounds. There is practically no individual taste in the metropolis. Everything goes.

"In the southern states the leaf pure is the only thing used, no matter to what purpose the weed may be put. If in plug, you will find only natural leaves. Of course all kinds and qualities of tobacco are manufactured in the south, but all the born and bred southerners ask for is purity."—Richmond State.

A Girl Victim of Hydrocephalus.

Quite a freak of human nature passed through the Union depot last night. The creature was similar in deformity to "Big Head Willie," the St. Louis newsboy. In this instance, however, the large head reposed on the thin and slender frame of an 11-year-old girl. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Vick, who were on their way from Peirce City, Mo., to Cookville, Tenn. Four other children accompanied them, all healthy and strong. Nellie, the unfortunate girl, was the first born and has been in her present condition since birth. She is unable to hold her unusually large head erect and must be carried in her father's arms. Her head measures 26 inches in circumference and is as round as a ball. The length from the chin to the forehead is 12 inches. The neck is thin and in proportion to her body. The child has been treated for dropsy of the brain by scores of doctors. She speaks the English language fluently and can sing well. The child's body is poorly developed.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Chaperons In Boston.

George—I hear there is a movement in Boston to do away with the chaperon.

Jack—Do you mean to say that they have ever had chaperons in Boston?

"Oh, yes, plenty of them."

"What do they do?"

"Well, they keep the fires going, fill the hot water bottles, thaw out frozen ears, and so on."—New York Weekly.

EXCITEMENT IN A DUTCH VILLAGE.

History of a Curious Custom In the Ancient Land of Dikes.

One night in October we were startled by the ringing of the alarm bells. We expected to find a fire, but the peasants as they tumbled out of their door shouted, "The cows! The cows!" which brings us back to a curious bit of local history and custom. As is well known, the Zuyder Zee is kept back from these villages by a great dike that connects sand dune with sand dune. During the low water of summer the sea retires for a long distance and the uncovered shore becomes fine pasturage, giving the farmers a chance to convert their own meager grass patches into hay for the winter. Unfortunately this provision of nature cannot be enjoyed by all.

It is a bequest to these villages from a countess who died in the year 1642; to speak exactly, each descendant of a resident of the villages of Laren, Blaricum and Huizen of that date has inherited the right to pasture seven cows. This privilege cannot be brought or sold; it can be acquired only from an ancestor of the village of that date. When the spring comes, the cattle are driven to the pastures, where they remain for the summer. Their owners commonly live miles away, and it necessitates two daily milking trips, on which they jog over in a cart with the cans and pails at midday and midnight.

The pastures are hundreds of acres in extent, and for a long time it puzzled us how an owner could find his cows on a dark night, but we discovered that they have trained their animals to come to a certain place at the same hour each day and night by always carrying to them some dainty in the shape of salt and potatoes. During the summer these pastures are used without danger, but in the autumn the succession of northerly gales, in conjunction with a high tide, will put the land under many feet of water.

Sometimes the inundation is so sudden that the cattle are caught by the rising waters and drowned. So at the beginning of September watchmen are always stationed on the dike to keep a sharp lookout upon the sea. The church towers of the villages are all in sight of one another, and the Huizen tower is in close communication with the dike. With a rise of the sea the man on the dike hangs up a lantern; if the sea rises more he hangs up two, which is a danger signal, but if it rises fast three, which says, "Great danger; come quickly." Similar lights are flashed from tower to tower by watchers in the belfries, and at three lights the alarm bells are rung.

This was the alarm we heard, and in 10 minutes the roads were thronged with people on foot and on horseback, rushing to the rescue of the herds. This year none were drowned, but it was perilous work, and the peasants heaved long sighs of relief as they told us the details and announced that the cows were safe in the stables for the next six months.—H. W. Ranger in Century.

Peter the "Mint Bird."

If you have a silver dollar of 1836, 1838 or 1839, or one of the first nickel cents coined in 1856, you will find upon it the true portrait of an American eagle that was for many years a familiar sight in the streets of Philadelphia. Peter, one of the finest eagles ever captured alive, was the pet of the Philadelphia mint and was generally known as the "mint bird." Not only did he have free access to every part of the mint, going without hindrance into the treasure vaults, where even the treasurer of the United States would not go alone, but he used his own pleasure in going about the city, flying over the houses, sometimes perching upon lamposts in the streets. Everybody knew him and admired him, and even the street boys treated him with respect. The government provided his daily fare, and he was as much a part of the mint establishment as the superintendent or the chief coiner.

He was so kindly treated that he had no fear of anybody or anything, and he might be in the mint yet if he had not sat down to rest upon one of the great flywheels. The wheel started without warning, and Peter was caught in the machinery. One of his wings was broken, and he died a few days later. The superintendent had his body beautifully mounted with the wings spread to their fullest extent, and to this day Peter stands in a glass case in the mint's cabinet, where you may see him whenever you go there. An exact portrait of him as he stands in the case was put upon the coins named.—Harper's Young People.

Sandwich Islanders and Their Priests.

The Kahunas exerted their powers in different ways, and formerly every chieftain of note had his pet Kahuna. In the matter of conferring with the Kahunas as to the advisability of instituting a certain undertaking or as to what the outcome of such an undertaking would be the process was much the same as the oriental plan of consulting the oracle. There were Kahunas who removed the evil spirits and who made the sick well, and, more influential than either of these, the Kahuna who prayed the Kanaka to death.

With the advent of the missionary in the islands and the abolition of idolatry the Kahuna industry received a setback, and the priests and prophets of the order have been slowly but surely losing their grip, until at the present time the Kahunas that remain command the fear and respect of but a few and are rejected by the many as mountebanks.—Honolulu Cor. Chicago Tribune.

Correct Speech Is Rarely Heard.

There are errors that are fallen into as frequently by the educated as by the ignorant. It is say to say that nine people in ten in using the expression "wile away the time" for instance spell and pronounce it "while away," etc. An instant's thought is sufficient to convince one that "wile" is the word, yet how few give that instant! It is a singular fact that absolute correctness of speech is so rarely heard that it is in danger of being mistaken for affectation when it is met.—Boston Advertiser.

Old Silver In Paris.

The Rue de Provence is the home of the secondhand dealer in artistic wares. He is a greater power than the American pawnbroker and has a much cleaner reputation. To wander among these quaint stores is as much in vogue with the moneyed world as with the moneyless. Silverware is there in large quantities and includes every serviceable object from a souvenir spoon to a 5 o'clock tea set. All this mass has the tarnish of age and neglect to tell against its beauty, but a little polishing powder rejuvenates it, and it passes out to be recognized among its brand new fellows.

A remarkable set of souvenir spoons came under my notice in one of these stores. The half dozen represented Napoleon and his generals. Only the heads of the famous men were visible on the handles, but they were wrought with a perfection that would have done credit to a photographer. The bowls of the spoons were lined with gold, and the price of the whole combination was only equivalent to $7.

It is worth a visit to the Rue to see the piles of small trinkets that gather dust in the windows. A number of seals are 3-inch pieces of silver that show up exquisite carving. I saw one that represented the birth of Christ, with the stable surroundings brought out in surprising detail.—Cor. Jewelers' Review.

The St. Gothard Tunnel Dethroned.

The great St. Gothard tunnel, which was begun Oct. 1, 1872, and finished in 1880, is 9½ miles in length and cost $196.40 per foot throughout. At present it is the Titan of all the world's tunnels. "These cannot last forever," however, and by the end of 1895 St. Gothard will be dethroned, the great Simplon tunnel, now in course of construction, coming in with the title of "largest and longest tunnel in the world." This new claimant for Titanic honors is being built to supersede the famous "route of the Simplon," a road over the mountains which was constructed by the first Napoleon.

The Simplon tunnel will be almost one-fourth longer than the now celebrated St. Gothard, its total length from opening to opening being, according to expert calculations, 12½ miles. In short, it is almost exactly three miles longer than St. Gothard. The old "route of the Simplon," which will be practically abandoned when the tunnel is completed, is about 38 miles in length. At present it takes 12 long hours to cross the Simplon route. When the tunnel is finished, less than a half hour will be consumed in making the trip.—St. Louis Republic.

The United States Capitol.

The United States capitol at Washington is one of the most majestic buildings in the world. It was first begun in 1793, when the north wing was founded. This was finished in 1800, and the south wing was begun in 1811. The building was burned by the British in 1814, and rebuilding did not begin until 1817. In 1851 the new extensions began, the house of representatives first occupying its present hall in 1857, the senate its present quarters in 1859. The dome was constructed between 1856 and 1865. The cost of the building has exceeded $30,000,000. The dome is 307 feet high and 135 in diameter, contains 4,000 tons of iron, arranged to move during atmospheric changes like the unfolding of a lily.

The rotunda beneath is 96 feet in diameter and 180 feet high. The extreme length of the building is 751 feet; extreme breadth, 324. It covers 153,112 square feet of ground. The architecture is of the Corinthian order; the material of the central structures yellowish sandstone painted white; of the wings, white marble, tinged with blue.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Recreations of Great Men.

The favorite recreation of Pope's leisure hours was the society of painters. Nothing was more agreeable to the poet than to spend an occasional evening with his friend Kneller, who, to use the words of Thackeray, "bragged more, spelled worse and painted better than any artist of his day." Warburton tells an amusing anecdote of the two friends. Mr. Pope was with Sir Godfrey Kneller one day when his nephew, a Guinea trader, came in. "Nephew," said Sir Godfrey, "you have the honor of seeing the two greatest men in the world." "I don't know how great you may be," said the Guinea man, "but I don't like your looks. I have often bought a man much better than both of you together, all muscles and bones, for 10 guineas."—Chambers' Journal.

Brignoli and His Age.

On one occasion Bianchi, the noted teacher, went on the stage to see Brignoli, whom he found pacing up and down like a madman, humming over his part.

"Why, Brig, what is the matter with you? Are you nervous?" he asked.

"Yes, I am nervous," was the reply as he walked harder and faster than ever.

"But, Brig, you ought not to be nervous. I've heard you sing the part 200 times. I heard you sing it 30 years ago."

"Thirty years ago! Who are you that should know so much?"

"Who am I? You know who I am, and I know who you are."

"Very well; you know what I am, but I am sure you do not know what you are, and if you wish I will tell you. You are a fool!"—New York Tribune.

Do We Talk Money?

There is one feature about Americans that I never can reconcile myself to. It is that, go where you will, to a gentleman's house, his club or any other meeting place, I find that money is spoken of directly or indirectly. In all other civilized parts of the world money is "tabooed" as an article of civilized word diet. Is it really gentlemanly to make it a subject of conversation among the best people or have I fallen among the second or third class!—An Englishman in New York Sun.

All the Signs.

Winks—Who is that long haired genius with cotton in his ears?

Jinks—Um—a music teacher probably.—New York Weekly.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

I have taken a great deal of medicine in my life but no remedy ever helped me so much as Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I consider the best blood purifier in the world.

E. Walz

512 Dillwyn St., Phila., Pa.

CURES OTHERS, WILL CURE YOU.

Society Directory.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

STATE OFFICERS.

State Delegate, Lawrence Heneky, Twenty-seventh-st and Lake shore, Chicago.
State Secretary, J F Brennan, 1210 West Chestnut-st, Bloomington, Ill.
State Treasurer, Alex Vaughey, Seneca, Ill.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 83 E. Madison-st, at 3 p m.
County Delegate, P B Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av.
County Secretary, Francis J Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.
County Financial Secretary, D Kirby, 466 W Erie st.
County Treasurer, M E Lynch, 530 W. Erie st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div. No. 1—John J. Conroy, Pres, 116 Sherman street; Wm. McNamara, V-P; Edward Quinn, Rec Sec, 873 S Ashland av; C. McLaughlin, Fin Sec; J. O'Brien, Treas. Meet in Father Mathew hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts, the 3rd Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; Michael Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; Patrick J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

Div 3—Ambrose Hede, Pres, Morton Park, Ill; James Carroll, V P; Wm J Luby, Rec Sec, Wm Hede, Fin Sec; P J Duffy, Treas. Meets 3d Sunday of each month in Society hall, Ogden and Western avs.

Div 4—Daniel Collins, Pres, 931 S Halsted st; David Mulligan, V P; Daniel Coreon, Rec Sec; Peter F Radigan, Fin Sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meet last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av & Union-st.

Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4205 Wentworth-av; Michael Reilly, V P; Michael D O'Brien, Rec Sec, 1429 33rd st; Jas Ryan, Fin Sec, 602 46th st; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of month at 3 p m, in hall, corner Forty-second and Halsted sts.

Div 7—Wm Sullivan, Pres, 130 Lytle-st; Patrick Carmody, V P; Patrick Foley, Rec Sec, 3442 Marshfield-av; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 445 W Twelfth-st, 2d Sunday of month at 7:30.

Div 8—M J Ryan, Pres, 257 Michigan-st; M Doyle, V P; D J Mahoney, Rec Sec; P J O'Sullivan, Fin Sec; James McDermott, Treas. Meet third Sunday of each month at 8 p m, corner Clark and Michigan sts.

Div 9—P O'Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P C Pinerty, V P; Thomas White, Rec Sec, South Chicago; Owen Abern, Fin Sec; T Abern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m, Eigeman's hall, South Chicago.

Div 10—John B O'Connor, Pres, 4520 Dreyer-st; James Small, V P; Denis O Toole, Rec Sec, 4125 State-st; Patrick O'Brien, Fin Sec; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av, at 3 p m.

Div 11—D Kirby, Pres, 466 W Erie-st; M R Lynch, V P; T J Lamb, Rec Sec, 578 W Erie st; M J Bradshaw Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

Div 12—D Moriarity, Pres, 4567 Wentworth-av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 4226 Wentworth-av; Jas O Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Norris, Treas.

Div 14—Jas Noonan, Pres; Austin Clark, V P; John Prendergast, Rec Sec; Edward Rogers, Fin Sec; J W McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div 17—Martin Mulcahy, Pres, 2836 Fifth-av; Lawrence Heneky, V P; P J Conroy, Rec Sec, 493 35th-st; Wm Houlihan, Fin Sec; Michael Finnegan, Treas. Meet 2nd Wednesday each month at 8 p m, at N W corner of Thirty-seventh-st and Armour-av.

Div 18—M Loftus, Pres, Central Park PO; Jas Collins, V P; John C Driscoll, Rec Sec, Moreland, Ill; J J Hickey, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet last Friday each month in Schoenhofen's hall, W Lake and Forty-third sts.

Div 19—Jas Thomas, Pres, 3802 Parnell-av; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh-st; Jer'h O'Hern, Fin Sec; Charles Lynch, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month at 3759 S Halsted st at 8 p m.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 Forty-seventh st; J McGeohegan, V P; Jno Toner, Rec Sec, 4004 Ashland-av; M Ryan, Fin Sec; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland-av at 2:30 p m.

Div 26—P Molloy, Pres, 4717 Wentworth-av; John Kerr, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James A Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Jas Dolan, Pres, Pullman; Wm J Carroll, V P; Jas Kennedy, Rec Sec, Kensington; Peter J Tully, Fin Sec; Thos Markey, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Thursdays of each month at 8 p m in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 30—Thomas Heelan, Pres., Cummings, Ill.; James Crilly, V P; Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, Cummings, Ill; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Lawrence Haltmett, Treas. Meet in Link's hall, Cummings, 3d Sunday of each month at 3 p m.

Div 35—Thos Doyle, Pres, 3813 Lowe av; T F Doyle, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3754 Union-av; Michael Hughes, Fin Sec; M Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at cor 35 h st and Emerald av.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson-av; W A Cunnea, V P; W M McMahon, Rec Sec, 6935 Stoney Island av; P D Ryan, Fin Sec; J J Egan, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m, at 5447 Woodlawn-av.

Div 37—John P Douhey, Pres, 6359 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C McInerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 66th-st.

KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK.

J H Carmody, President; William Horgan, V-P; J H Howard, Rec Sec; William Tobin, Fin Sec; P J Kennedy, Treas; John Byrne, Knight Commander; John Tobin, Vice-Kt Commander; D J Solon, Sergt-at-Arms. Meet 1st Sunday of month at 3 p m in Temperance hall, cor Taylor and Miller sts.

FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

Organized Feb. 6, 1865. David L Barry, Pres, 22 Plum-st; Michael Kenny, 1st V-P; J J Barry, 2d V-P; J J Hackett, Secretary, 388 W Taylor-st; J M Carey, Ass't Secretary; John Shannon, Treas. Meet in hall, 388 W Taylor-st, on the 1st and 3rd Mondays each month at 8 p m.

ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY. Edward Hayes, Pres., 434 W. Ohio-st.; James M. Gubbins, 1st V.-P.; D. McGinnis, 2nd V.-P.; P. Kavanaugh, Rec. Sec., 600 W. Huron-st.; P. J. Sheehy, Fin Sec; M. Gethins, Ass't Fin Sec; P. H. Shell, Treas; M. McLaughlin, Sergt-at-Arms; Thomas Bidwell, Marshal. Board of Directors, Thomas Croak, Thomas Rae, T. T. Hartigan, N. McCue. Meets 1st Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in school hall, Rumsey and W. Indiana sts.

CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS

HIGH COURT OFFICERS.

John C. Schubert, H C R, Room 22, 69 Dearborn-st; C. Ritchot, H V C R, Montreal, Can; Thomas H. Cannon, H S, Room 22, 69 Dearborn-st; Henry Detmer, H T, 109 East Randolph-st; Dr. T. . O'Malley, H M E, 169 Blue Island-av.

SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family No. 1—Michael Heaney, C R, 8 Elburn av; W J Wallace, Rec Sec, 120 W Taylor st; George R Bracken, Fin Sec; Jas Kennedy, Treas; Dr Geo C Synon, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Sodality Hall, May and 11th sts.

Columbia No 2—Thomas Croak, C R, 92 Walnut st; Martin Dowling, Rec Sec, 152 N May st; J E Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 524 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart No 3—Hugh P Moran, C R 263 Thirtieth st; John Fitzgerald, Rec Sec, 247 West Eighteenth-st; Michael J. McGarry, Fin Sec; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr William King, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays at Canalport av and Union st.

St Pius No 4—F T Nichol, C R, 343 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, Rec Sec, 729 Hisman st; F M Quinn, Fin Sec; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m at Nineteenth st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 Winthrop place; John W Twohey, Rec Sec, 248 Laflin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr P Lesage, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 183 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1825 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4032 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eder, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 339 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arlington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White, Treas; Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av; Michael Ryan, 2953 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm L O'Brien, Treas; Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Quealy's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester av; Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av; J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st; J B O'Halloran, Fin Sec; L Foley, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Mauley, C R; Austin F Mlnogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Grass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R 328 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas; Dr J A Hemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5473 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1045 W 57th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hales; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 709 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 446 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 35 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1086 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaeter, 2301 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9255 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos F Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos B Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foley. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S, Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1627 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Malbach; Treas, M Lilling. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

The Chinese have bred a whole colony of goldfish, each having two well developed tails and two sets of anal fins. Biologists say it would be equally easy to breed quadrupeds with eight legs.

* * *

Ella Wheeler Wilcox has invented a dress which has no buttons, hooks or eyes, strings or any other fastenings.

James Dodge, hardware dealer of Normal, Ills., has assigned, owing to the collapse of the bank there.

W. B. Strong of Fort Atkinson and D. D. Smith of Whitewater, students in the Wisconsin State university at Madison, were drowned while sailing on Lake Mendota.

Two Boston ladies, Miss Laura Lee, an artist, and Mrs. Flower, wife of the editor of The Arena, are said to have determined to do their calling in dress reform costumes of the bloomer type.

Solomon Jones Homer, a full-blooded Choctaw from the Indian Territory, who is the best speaker in the senior class of Roanoke college, Virginia, will deliver the valedictory at the commencement on June 7.

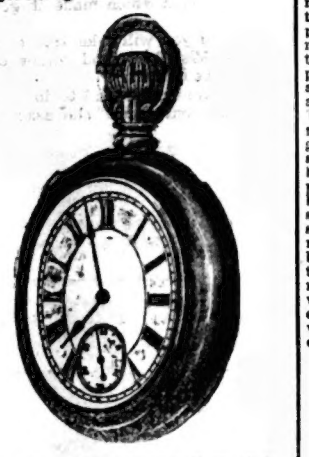
Ozere Daniels, a young business man of Indianapolis, committed suicide.

Captain Charles King, whose skill as a novelist and knowlege of military affairs have given him a unique place in our literature, has left Milwaukee for a long sojourn abroad. His city gave him a fraternal send-off.

WALTHAM & ELGIN WATCHES.

For "Citizen" Subscribers and Readers. For Sale by "The Citizen." Guaranteed by "The Citizen."

We have decided to revise our watch offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of these wonderful watches. THE CITIZEN has sold many watches during the past year, and they have given perfect satisfaction. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked, and we have been remarkably successful in suiting our subscribers. We have now revised the offers so that they will be more satisfactory than they have been before. Our subscribers and readers should read the following offers carefully, and see how low we can sell these standard goods. If we don't mention just what you want, don't hesitate to write and get our figures.



NICKEL SILVER, WALTHAM OR ELGIN, $5 50.

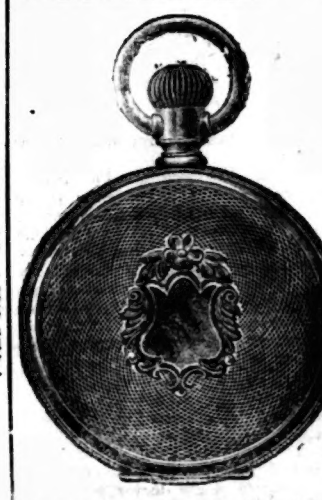
Offer No. 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair-spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15. THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case. This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is jeweled according to the most scientific principles, and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of highly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold, and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the fineness and delicacy of antique lace. Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

Offer No. 36—Gold watch, Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in every thing except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co. has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so thick that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered, $16.75.



SOLID GOLD, GRANGER CASE. "P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM.

The style of Waltham works is especially desirable where the most accurate time is required. They contain 15 jewels in solid gold settings. Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, safety pinion, expansion balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest and greatest improvements. This movement is adjusted at the factory to temperature and positions; it is one of the finest full-plate movements in the world. We sell this movement in the following cases:

No. 37, Solid gold Brooklyn "Granger-hunting or open face, $30.00.

No. 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $22.10.

No. 39 Gold-filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $18.50.

No 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face, $12 25.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

GOLD-FILLED ENGRAVED WATCH.

Offer No. 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14.35. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled, and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch right along for $38.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.35.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.35. This is a Waltham of Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 42, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.35.

Offer No. 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15.

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, is a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring, joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 20 years. The works in all watches we sell are good for from 30 to 40 years. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $13.75.

Offer No. 46—Ladies' size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch; the works contain seven jewels, stem winder and setter, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for only $9.50. The above watch is especially suitable for girls. It is full ladies' size. The Waltham and Elgin companies make no distinction between ladies' and girls' watches.

How to order a watch—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,

69 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

SIXTY-SECOND AND SIXTY-THIRD-STS.
Opposite World's Fair.

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AND CONGRESS OF ROUGH RIDERS OF THE WORLD.

The to All.

VOTED A WORLD-BEATER.

18,000 Seats. Covered Grand Stand. Herds of Buffalo, Wild Steers and Bucking Broncbos.

Alley L, Illinois Central, Suburban and World's Fair Specials, Grip, Electric and Horse Cars all stop within 8 feet of the entrances.

Admission.....50 Cents
Children under 10 years.....25 Cents
A Good Meal at Restaurant, 50 cents.

JAMES HALNAN,
UNDERTAKING AND LIVERY.
Embalming a Specialty. Carriages for Weddings, Parties and Funerals.
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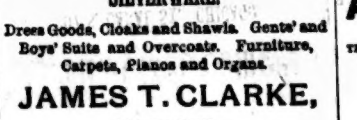
STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. To the May Term, A. D. 1893. The Drovers' National Bank of the Union Stock Yards, a corporation, &c., vs. John H. Bani, Margaret Bani, Anton Wollweber, Patrick A. Turner, Julia Turner and the International Building, Loan and Investment Union of Chicago, Margaret Bani, widow, and the unknown heirs of John H. Bani, deceased. In Chancery. No. 108,616.

Notice is hereby given to the said unknown heirs of John H. Bani, deceased, that the above named complainant heretofore filed its bill of complaint, amended bill of complaint and its supplemental bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendants, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the court house in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of May, A. D. 1893, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

FRANK J. GAULTER, Clerk.
David Sullivan, Compl'ts Sol'r.



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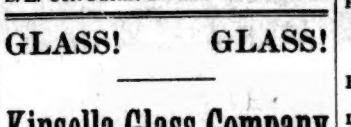

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